

WHIS SAY SUNDAY EVENING POST

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CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY H. S. COREY.

All gladsome things shall come with dainty
Spring,
The bird, the bee, the rivulet, the flower;
Oh golden dream, that tarrying time shall bring
To some a double dower.

Shell bring the breeze that flutters parting sail,
The foam that laps the parting vessel's prow,
The thrill, the hopes, the raptures, the fare-
well,
And over all the glow.

Of the June sun, whose beams the billows toss
And scatter with white hands as favors free,
To light a passion-frighted barque across
The broad Atlantic sea.

So sweet the boon, so few to taste its bliss!
And I—oh, summer journeys o'er the wave,
A foot you cannot hear your deck shall pace,
Not mark nor impress leave.

What though this one long line of desolate hills
Shuts in my desolate life forevermore!
I still shall share your raptures and your thrills,
From gleaming shore to shore.

The morning beam from out the opal east
Shall kiss my eyes across the shimmering sea,
Shall burn, and pale, and you have never grieved
It streaked for one like me.

For me at eve across the shimmering sea,
The changeable glory of the setting sun
Shall burn, and pale, and yet my presence be
A presence unto none.

I, too, shall strain outlooking eyes to catch
The first soft smile of many a dawning land;
Turn sadly back the last dim line to reach
Of each receding strand.

What shining slopes our chainless feet shall
climb!
What valley shades shall cool our noonday
dreams!

What purple fruits shall tempt us many a time,
By blue Arcadian streams!

Our hearts shall bow at temples, shrines, and
graves;

Pulse to the moonlight dip of Grecian oars;
Beat to the dashing of the crested waves

That fret the Euxine shores.

On slumberous airs our alien ears shall hear
The Moslem's "Allah!" whispered, prayed,
and sung;

The startled antelope dash by in fear,
Our pealing mirth among.

Oh, dreaming soul, what fantasies are these!
Look out! the same sad line of frozen hills
Shuts thee away from summer bloom and breeze,
And tents, and snowy sah.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE ROAD.

The day after that on which the events which we have narrated took place, John Carlyon took a ride towards Mellor; although at first he had turned his horse's head another way. On his road thither he met with an interruption. Booses had left his own gates, when he came upon a knot of cocklers, just returned from the bay, and apparently making up for their superstitious abstineness from quarrel on the sands" by "having it out" on dry land.

"What is the matter, my friends?" cried Carlyon, good-humoredly, interposing the huge bulk of Red Berild between two combative ladies who were contending for the possession of something that seemed to be all legs. "Have you found the spoke of one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels?"

At this, all burst into a guffaw, for Squire John was an immense favorite with this class, and his jokes always certain of acceptance.

"Well, sir, it might be," returned one; "at least, it's like nothing as we know on; it seems of no manner of use, unless it's for pinching your fingers."

"Holloa!" observed the squire, examining this curiosity with interest. "Where did you find this?"

"In the middle of the bay, sir, stuck in the sand," answered the same comely dame who had held contention with the spiritual cobbler on the previous evening. "It might have floated away but for this great pad as it had hold of, just like a crab."

"My good Mrs. Mackereth, this is a camp-stool," explained Mr. Carlyon. "The pad, as you call it, was once a drawing-book, the weight of which, as you say, without doubt, prevented its wooden companion from going to sea."

* The cocklers never quarrel "on the sands" being under the impression that if they do so, the cockles will leave their usual haunts with the next tide.

"Los, sir, why then they're Miss Crawford's!" ejaculated one of the late combatants. "I am sure if we had known, we should not have thought of keeping them. Directly after we had had our cup of tea we'll take them round to Greycrags, won't we, Dick?"

"Stop; I'm going there myself at once," said Carlyon, after a pause. "I will take the book with me. There are two half crowns for your trouble, and I daresay you will not leave the house empty-handed when you have taken the camp-stool."

"No, squire, that's not likely; God bless her! yes, bless her!" returned the cockler, dividing the spoil with her rival. "Miss Agnes has as open a hand as your own; long life to you

and that I wish that them hands was joined, and that was your marriage blessing," observed Dame Mackereth, boldly. This good lady was deficient in delicacy as some of her sex and age not seldom are. The rest seemed to feel that their spokeswoman had gone a little too far, so her observation elicited no mark of adhesion.

The situation was rather embarrassing for everybody but herself, who, pleased as a gunner who has sent a shell plumb into the enemy's magazine, notwithstanding that it has destroyed a score or two of innocent non-combatants, indulged in a very hearty fit of laughter.

"Good-morning, my friends," said Carlyon, coldly, moving slowly off with his prize under his arm. He did not venture to ride fast, for the merriment should at once become general. On the other hand, he could not help hearing the following observations:

"There, now, you have angered the squire, dame; your tongue is just half-an-inch longer than it ought to be."

"Nay, it's just the right length," returned that indomitable female; "and as for angering him, I'll be bound he's as pleased as Punch. I have not come to my time of life and been wood and wod by three proper men—all in the grave, poor souls, worse luck—without knowing what a man likes said to him and what he don't."

And certainly John Carlyon wore a smile upon his face, as he trotted up the hill.

"I think I shall call now," said he to himself; "it will be only civil to take this drawing-book." He regarded it doubtfully enough, though, and indeed it had a rueful look. "One might almost think that Browning wrote of this identical article—

There you have it, dry in the sun,
With all the binding all of a blister,
And great blis spots where the color has run,
And reddish streaks that wink and glister
Over the page so beautifully yellow.

What a fool I am to be taking it back to her in all this hurry! Nobody can ever draw upon it again. It has become a mere blotting pad as that old woman called it. She was right there though not when she gave me her good wishes. What is the use of my crying for the moon like a great baby? Mr. Crawford may be willing enough to have me for a son-in-law, and, indeed, I think he wished me to see me that. But even if her affections are not engaged to her handsome cousin—and why not? he is half my age and has twice my good looks (if, that is, I have any left); and he has opportunities which I can't; and he has opportunities which I can't.

"A fool, sir, indeed, but I trust not cursed," returned the young man solemnly. "He is sorry enough now, is father. It is terrible to see his grief. But for you, Mr. Carlyon, he feels that he should have been a murderer. He will never hold up his head again, I doubt."

"God grant it may be so," returned the young man, without noticing the other's cynical tone; "and that this awful lesson may save his soul alive."

"Humph," said Mr. Carlyon, dryly; then murmured to himself; "How characteristic all this is. To save a soul that is not worth saving, two other folks are put within a hair's-breadth of being drowned."

"I see you are very angry, sir," resumed the young man, humbly; "and I am sure I cannot blame you. You are the third person whose death would have lain at my father's door. It was your forgiveness that I was coming to ask for him, sir. He doesn't come himself. I think he would rather die than meet Miss Agnes just as present, although the dear young lady was very anxious to assure him of her pardon. He can look in no man's face. Oh, sir, he is bowed down to the earth with shame and sorrow."

"Well, William, you may tell him he has my free forgiveness as far as what he has done to me is concerned."

"But not as respects Miss Agnes? You will never forgive him that. That's what you mean is it not, sir?" said the young man looking up with flushed cheeks, for the first time. "That's what they all say, sir. They will point at father as the man that nearly murdered Miss Agnes; and yet she—Mr. Carlyon, if you are going up to Greycrags, ask her what she thinks they ought to do. What she thinks ought to do. She says for her part, that if she had been down-right drowned and that through that circumstance—"

"That will do, William," interrupted Mr. Carlyon, harshly. "Don't speak to me any

more, or you will put me in a passion, and I shall say things that will hurt your feelings. You are an excellent fellow yourself (although you are a fool in some things) and I have always had a good opinion of you. I am bound to be your friend for life, for what you did for me twenty-four hours ago, and you may depend upon me at all times. Good-bye."

"And I was on my road to Woodless, sir," returned the other, gravely, "expressly to see you, Mr. Carlyon."

The voice was subdued and low for a man's

voice, but with that earnestness and resolution in its tone which bespeak deep convictions in the speaker.

"Coming to me, were you, William? well, I am always glad to see you, but I think it was my business to come to you. When I looked in the glass this morning, and saw this bruise on my forehead, I said to myself, 'I have William Millet to thank for that.' The rope struck me just over the eyes; exactly the spot where they lasso wild cattle on the prairies. There must be no touching of hats; you must give me your hand, my friend, this morning. John Carlyon owes you his life."

The young man hesitated; then definitely reached out his hand to meet the other's.

"You are mistaken, sir," said he, "except in the bare fact that it was I who threw the rope; though Miss Agnes is good enough to make as much of that as she can. But, indeed, so far from being indebted to me or mine, it was through—it was through my poor father, sir," (here the young man fixed his eye upon the ground,) "that the misfortune happened at all. His old enemy tempted him and he fell."

"That's somewhat unintelligible," returned Carlyon coldly; "how was it, in plain terms?"

"Miss Agnes and her cousin went out in father's cart, to take a sketch of the bay from the middle of the sands."

The speaker had enunciated his words with painful difficulty, notwithstanding that he evidently strove to be distinct and collected, and now he came to a full stop altogether.

"Well, she was on the sands and sketching," said the other, impatiently; "I know that much already; for her is drawing-book."

Under any other circumstances precisely William Millet would have smiled to hear a gentle lady thus spoken of as a single individual, to whom moreover was attributed the sex that is ungallantly stated to be less worthy than the masculine; but he was full of a great trouble, and had no sense of anything else.

It was arranged as usual, for he had been out with Miss Agnes at least, on such expeditions before, that father should call for them on his way back to Mellor, and in good time. But while at the skeer he met with an old comrade, living on the other side of the bay, who not content with drinking the devil's health on shore—for that's what a man does every time he puts his lips to the whiskey bottle—must needs take out his liquor with him upon the very sands. Sir, my father could not resist it. God forgive him, he drank till he scarce knew where he was; till he had clean forgotten his promise to Miss Agnes; and at last, went home with his companion, quite unconscious that death was drawing nigh to the best friend he had in the world, (for Miss Agnes had been his guardian angel, sir,) and all through his own fault, his own folly, his own crime."

"What a cursed fool the man must have been!" cried Carlyon, angrily.

"A fool, sir, indeed, but I trust not cursed," returned the young man solemnly. "He is sorry enough now, is father. It is terrible to see his grief. But for you, Mr. Carlyon, he feels that he should have been a murderer. He will never hold up his head again, I doubt."

"Well, the sense of the mischief he so nearly

wrought, will at least have this good result, I suppose, that Stephen will leave off drinking," said Carlyon. "That will be good coming out of evil—isn't that the phrase?"

"God grant it may be so," returned the young man, without noticing the other's cynical tone; "and that this awful lesson may save his soul alive."

"Humph," said Mr. Carlyon, dryly; then murmured to himself; "How characteristic all this is. To save a soul that is not worth saving, two other folks are put within a hair's-breadth of being drowned."

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"Stop, sir, stop!" cried the young man, laying his hand imploringly upon the other's bridle rein, and speaking in earnest, but rapid tones; "if, as you say, I have deserved anything at your hands, let it weigh with you now. The man that I speak of is cast down to the very dust—a broken man without hope; it lies in your example to give him one more chance among his fellow creatures here or not; and, sir, he is my own father!"

In short, Mr. Crawford had been as business-like as polite throughout the interview; but although thus far communicative about his own affairs—indeed evidently anxious to explain his position—there was nothing to be got out of him by cross-examination. Attired in deep mourning, his wasted form and cadaverous features fully bore out his assertion that both as concerned health and spirits he was totally incapacitated for mixing with society; and this he hoped that Mr. Poco would be so good as to make known to any families who might be kind enough to entertain the design of calling upon him. He was not even at present well enough, he added (and during the last five years he had never been sufficiently convalescent to attempt the experiment), to attend public worship.

Indeed, notwithstanding the not unpromising character of that first interview, the rector had never got speech with his parishioner again. He had called perhaps half-a-dozen times at Greycrags (or he was piqued at having been so foiled in his dexterous homilett and anxious to retrieve his reputation as a far-sighted investigator into social mill-stones,) but the answer he constantly received was that Mr. Crawford did not feel himself equal to see him—that is, except from a distance; for as the rector walked away discomfited it sometimes happened that the ancient invalid was watching him through his telescope from some unbrigaded portion of the elevated grounds. As time went on a government of mirth years was provided for Agnes; and whether from the admirable "system" employed by that lady (and quite peculiar to herself as everybody's "system" is) or from her previous training under some one else, no more satisfactory female pupil was ever turned out of the educational workshop. Her accomplishments, however, were far outshone by her kindness and charity. Even Mr. Poco was compelled to confess that this church had no such servant in his parish as the daughter of the reclusion of Greycrags. She was humble, too, and submissive to authority; not like that pestiferous Job Salter, who blasphemously conceived that he had received the gift of preaching; nor even that William Millet, who carried his religion into every affair of life like some nursing mother who embarrasses her neighbors by considering the baby is included in all invitations.

Agnes Crawford, unlike her father, "went out" (as the phrase goes) a good deal; but not into what is generally called society. She was on excellent terms with the ladies of the neighborhood, who had no worse term to apply to her than "very peculiar," but she did not often visit them. No person (with any sense of propriety) could blame her for that, since having parted with her governess in her eighteenth year, she had no longer a "chaperon." Old Mrs. Heathcote, of Mellor Lodge, had indeed offered her services to "the dear girl," in this matter—including some very appropriate personal properties, item: a front as black as the raven's wing; a splendid turban, with an ostrich feather in it; and a portrait of her deceased husband, worn as a stomacher, and almost the size of life. But Agnes, with grateful thanks, had declined her protection. She did not even care for either of the two county balls (one civil, the other military); and therefore it may be easily imagined that the ordinary evening parties of the neighborhood failed to attract her. Dinner parties were not given about Mellor—a nearly written statement that the pleasure of your company was requested to tea being the favorite form of invitation—but it is my belief that Miss Crawford would not very much have cared even for going out to dinner. She only took other people's dinners out to them in a basket; and when they were sick, supplied them with little comforts—made inexplicably more comforting in their ministrations. Thus it might have easily happened that not moving in the best local circles (to borrow Mr. Poco's imagery) Agnes had never so much as spoken with John Carlyon, although so near a neighbor.

The fact was, however, that Mr. Carlyon did not move in them either, or rather had not done so for many years. He had flown off from them at a tangent of his own free will, or perhaps, as they themselves averred with some compunction, they had made him fly. The rector at Woodless had very much overrated his social position if he imagined that he might think as he liked, or at all events might express his opinions. Because the Earl of Disney thought fit to absent himself from public worship fifty-one Sundays per annum, that was no excuse for Mr. John Carlyon's absence therefrom for five-two. Nor had he even the decency, like Mr. Crawford (an old man whose case was shocking to contemplate, but who had yet some sense of shame,) to

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1867.

frame an excuse. The squire was the picture of health, and might be seen, Sunday after Sunday, starting for his gallop on the sands, while all the other pony of the neighborhood were proceeding with due care to listen in the proper place to the clergyman of their parish.

These gentlemen, his sometimes companions in the hunting field, would look up in rather a sheepish manner and say, "How do, Carlyon?" as he met or overtook them on such occasions; but their wives never vouchsafed him a nod. Nay, as soon as he had passed by on his godly errand, they would often anticipate Mr. Pusey's discourse by a little sermon of their own, or even bring the tall tale color into their lord's chink by stating their belief that he himself would rather be on horseback at that very moment like yonder wicked man, if the truth were known.

It is fair to add, however, that it was not merely Mr. Carlyon's absence from church which caused him to be thus sent to Coventry (not a wholly disagreeable place, he averred in his cynical way) but also a very deplorable habit he had of speaking disrespectfully of religion.

He protested he never did so unless in self-defense, and when belabored by the weapons of the dogmatic; but not only was this denied, but the defense, such as it was, was disallowed. What aggravated the matter, too, above all things, was that John Carlyon's father had been one of the best and most orthodox of men. While he lived no evidence of his son's depravity had been afforded; but no sooner had his example been withdrawn than the young squire had thrown off the mask, and appeared in his true character as a scoffer. For the rest he was a man of daring courage, and open handed generosity; but these virtues, of course, only made his irreligious opinions the more to be deplored.

John Carlyon and Agnes Crawford, then, except for those terrible minutes on the leavening sand, had never met, although each had been made well aware, by report, of the character of the other. "She will think me, indeed, the squire to be, as he rode up to the front door at Greverage, "and then she will shun from me as from an adder."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Become Contented with One's Own Home.

Not long since a gentleman who owns a country residence became dissatisfied and concluded that it was not the place that suited him at all. He talked with his wife and she gradually arrived at the conclusion that the laws were not what it should be, that the trees were not sufficiently umbreous, and that various details were wanting to make the place acceptable. The couple having reached this unhappy frame of mind became daily more dissatisfied, and it was finally concluded that the estate should be offered at private sale.

"You know," he continued, "that I don't want Tom, Dick, and Harry running down to inspect the place from mere curiosity, and as my wife says she will not consent to a public auction, I propose to sell it at private sale."

"I understand," said Mr. Walker, "I will announce it in such a way that, without naming the locality, it will attract the attention of any one in a country seat, and then they can apply to my office."

"That is exactly what I want," replied the gentleman, "and you had better drop down and dine with me and look it over, so that you can give it a good description."

"No need of that," replied the auctioneer, "for you forget I sold it to you, and I described it then, and I never forgot a place I have once seen; of course I shall allude to its present condition."

"Certainly," replied the gentleman, "and I leave it entirely in your hands, though there is no immediate hurry, for I cannot give possession at present."

In the course of a few days the gentleman took up a newspaper and read a description of a place which Mr. Walker had advertised. It was in the peculiar style of the auctioneer. After prizing carefully, and making note of the "grassy slopes," the "splendid vias," and the "conveniences which grace the country residence of a gentleman of wealth and refinement," he read aloud to his wife.

"That is just the place we want," she said.

"My idea to a dot," added the husband, "of what a place should be. I will call in at Mr. Walker's and inquire about it this very day."

Mr. Walker received his visitor, and antelopeing some congratulatory remarks, asked him to take a seat.

"Mr. Walker," said the gentleman, "you have advertised in to day's paper just the place I want."

"Just the place you want to sell," added Mr. Walker.

"No, sir, the very place I want to purchase," replied the gentleman.

"Which one do you mean?" inquired Mr. Walker, handing him a paper.

"Why, this one to be sure; don't you suppose I read it?"

The auctioneer adjusted his spectacles and looked at his latest literary production. His spectacles fell from their place to the tip of his nose, and peering at his visitor, he burst into a laugh, exclaiming,

"Why, my dear man, that's your place."

"My place!" reiterated the astounded owner; "my place; let's see, 'Grassy slopes,' 'beautiful vias,' 'conveniences of a gentleman of wealth,' etc."

"Why, yes; haven't you a charming view of the ocean; don't you look from your dining-room window upon the most beautiful lawn you ever saw?" queried Mr. W.

"Well, so I do," added the surprised individual, and after a moment's hesitation he said: "Just make out your bill for advertising and expenses, for by George, I wouldn't sell it for three times what I gave for it!"—Boston Journal.

The latest returns make the total of registered voters in Louisiana 119,396, of whom 41,166 are whites and 78,230 blacks. The negroes have a decisive majority in all the parishes but six, and those are the smallest in the state.

On the final motion to strike out the word "male" in the New York Convention, it was lost by only 19 ayes to 125 nays. So that fully may be considered settled, so far as New York is concerned.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced on July 27th, a new and fascinating novelet, called

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyon's Year"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelet of "Lord Ullwater," can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

THE FOURTH IN PARIS.

Our readers will remember that it was announced in the early days of July, among the items of the foreign news, that owing to the profound impression produced in Europe by the death of Maximilian, the proposed celebration of the National Anniversary by the Americans in Paris had been abandoned.

This item struck American readers generally as a rather curious one. Why our countrymen in Paris should give up their projected national celebration on account of the death of any foreign prince or potentate, was a question that seemed to them much easier asked than answered.

A friend of ours who was in Paris at the time, recently gave us an explanation of the whole affair, and we have thought a brief recital of it would prove rather amusing to the readers of *The Post*.

It seems there were two distinct celebrations arranged for the Fourth, by the Americans in Paris. One was to be a Picnic in the afternoon, with Fireworks in the evening; and the other was to be a regular dinner with music, toasts and speeches. There was a little rivalry between the two plans of celebration, but not so much as to prevent many persons from arranging to attend both.

When the news came of the death of Maximilian, and the French Court went into mourning, it was thought best by the projectors of the Picnic to abandon their celebration. What reasons induced them to come to this determination, we can only surmise. The idea of giving up the dinner, however, never occurred to the projectors of that entertainment until brought before them as follows:

A certain American living in Paris, a gentleman whose business brings him in close personal relations with Louis Napoleon, called upon the Committee of Arrangements, and informed them that under the peculiar circumstances of the case, the Emperor would be greatly obliged if the proposed Fourth of July celebration were abandoned. Said gentleman did not even know whether this request was not to be looked upon somewhat in the light of a command—he was not certain that our countrymen would even be allowed to go on with their dinner if they determined upon so doing.

"Certainly," replied the gentleman, "and I leave it entirely in your hands, though there is no immediate hurry, for I cannot give possession at present."

In the course of a few days the gentleman took up a newspaper and read a description of a place which Mr. Walker had advertised. It was in the peculiar style of the auctioneer. After prizing carefully, and making note of the "grassy slopes," the "splendid vias," and the "conveniences which grace the country residence of a gentleman of wealth and refinement," he read aloud to his wife.

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able whether it were not as well to let the matter pass, as to attempt to rectify it.

We may remark, in conclusion, that it probably was the object of Louis Napoleon to create an impression in Europe that the Americans in general regarded the execution of Maximilian with the most profound horror. Of course we do not suppose that he ever seriously designed any governmental interference with the Fourth of July celebration. For such an interference, while it would not have produced the effect which he desired in Europe, would seriously have compromised him with the public opinion of America.

But to our receipts, which we know are good, because we have tested them for months at a time.

THE BEST KIND OF BREAD.

From the *Lady's Friend*.

During the past season, from apprehension of cholera, prudent people have been unusually careful of their diet, and bread being an important article of food, more bread has been given to its quality. It has seemed to us that fermentation, however well conducted, is rather objectionable. After living for months, upon unfermented bread a family will detect some slight sourness, or at least lack of sweetness in every attempt at raising that is not absolutely perfect. And how rarely a cook can be found that is invariably successful, every housekeeper

over a teaspoonful of salt, and add enough cold milk to make a thin batter. Stir together and beat well for a few minutes—put into the hot biscuit-pan, a large spoonful in each cup, and set in a hot oven. In fifteen or twenty minutes they will be done, when they can be put upon the table if it is breakfast time; if not, wrap them in a bread-cloth. The latter plan we prefer, not liking them too hot.

RYE BISCUITS—UNFERMENTED.

One quart of rye meal, dessert-spoonful of salt, about a pint of milk; beat up well and pour into the hot pan. These are light and excellent—the very best for hot weather.

RYE AND INDIAN CAKES.

Measure half a pint of corn meal in a bowl, add a teaspoonful of salt, scald with boiling water from the kettle, stir and beat the mush so formed until it is perfectly smooth, this with cold milk, and add half a pint of rye meal, making a thin batter. The lightness and dainty of all these cakes depend upon the batter being thin, as we have found by trial.

RYE PUFFS.

Wash four eggs (that the shells may be clean for clearing coffee), break them—the yolks into a large bowl, the whites on a flat dish separately; hand these to an assistant to be beaten to a foam; beat the yolks, add a pint of milk and a teaspoonful of salt, and stir in rye meal, lastly the foaming whites, and get them into the oven quickly. This makes two dozen biscuits. They are very much liked, but most of the family prefer the first receipt—mixed unbolted meal and rye—cheaper and more wholesome kind, and as light, which can hardly be believed without a trial.

If you prefer bread made with yeast, try the following:

RYE BISCUIT.

One quart of meal, dessert-spoonful of salt, half a teacup of yeast, and milk enough to make a batter the consistency of muffins. Set these at night, and in the morning put them into the heated pan. They bake quickly; and this is a very easy, convenient way of having warm biscuits for breakfast. We have had them with general approval, until one unlucky night the yeast or the weather, or some mishap incident to fermentation, made the cakes sour, after which nobody wanted that kind.

FLAPJACKS OF RYE AND INDIAN.

Put a pint of corn meal into a large bowl, and a dessert-spoonful of salt; scald with boiling water from the kettle, beat up the mush smooth, thin with milk, add half a pint of rye meal, and bake on a griddle—a large spoonful for each cake. Make it a rule that the kitchen fire shall be hot twenty minutes before breakfast; at that time put your pan on the range, (we like to see a red hot surface,) and while it is heating, measure a heaping pint of meal into a bowl, sprinkle over a teaspoonful of salt, and add enough cold milk or water to make a thick batter—it does not take quite a pint, stir it up well, and it is ready. By this time the iron pan will be hot enough to grease, and for this it is best to have a set instrument, used for nothing else, a pint bowl with some nice beef dripping in the bottom, and hands soothed in her suffering, and paid her last tribute of respect.

Provide yourself with one of the iron bread pans that hold a dozen biscuits; two of these, if the family is large—have unbolted meal (we get ten pounds at a time, living near the stores,) and keep a pint cup in the meal-box. Make it a rule that the kitchen fire shall be hot twenty minutes before breakfast; at that time put your pan on the range, (we like to see a red hot surface,) and while it is heating, measure a heaping pint of meal into a bowl, sprinkle over a teaspoonful of salt, and add enough cold milk or water to make a thick batter—it does not take quite a pint, stir it up well, and it is ready. By this time the iron pan will be hot enough to grease, and for this it is best to have a set instrument, used for nothing else, a pint bowl with some nice beef dripping in the bottom, and hands soothed in her suffering, and paid her last tribute of respect.

Put a spoonful of batter, (the large spoon you have been mixing it with) in each of the dozen cups, and set the pan at once in the oven if you have a hot one—if not, leave them a minute or two baking on top of the range; then, before they burn, transfer them to the front of the fire, placed slanting before it, hose-cake fashion, and the top will brown finely. After they are out of the way, the rest of the breakfast, coffee, tea, chocolate, beefsteak and potatoes, or whatever else you want can be prepared—fifteen minutes is ample time for all, and the whole will be ready together—a breakfast fit for a king.

As we are in the habit of suitting various tastes by making one pan of brown, and one of yellow cakes; these last made of half a pint of Indian meal, and half a teacup of white flour with a little salt, scalded with enough boiling milk to make a thin batter, and baked as the others; this quantity of rye will make a dozen biscuits—Indian meal swells so much when scalded. Baking water from the teakettle answer very well—the difference will hardly be noticed; success in baking is the grand point.

And to insure this, the head of the family, or some intelligent, capable person must give it personal attention for a while, until the process is an established routine. The right way is really as easy as the wrong, but ignorant, heedless servants never think so, and it is necessary to get them well into the trammel of habit, after which all but the incorrigible will trot along orderly enough. What housekeeper is there who could not give twenty minutes of her time every morning for the healthful gratification of her family? And the whole thing can be done in gloves—the most delicate hands need not suffer.

"But are the biscuits good?" some incredulous lover of double refined white bread, may ask. We have seen too many conversions of this sort to doubt what the general verdict would be with a fair trial. The strongest cases are those of our Irish help, who as a rule will not eat anything that is not made of the finest and whitest flour. We have smiled inwardly to see them, when two or three brown biscuits happen to be left from the family meal, place them carefully in the oven to warm for their own delectation.

Of course, the crowning recommendation of this bread is its healthfulness. Those who become accustomed to it do not feel that they give their digestive system fair play by imposing upon it anything more trying. We have tried beating up eggs to make the brown cakes lighter and more palatable, but though these were unquestionably good, the addition was voted almost unanimously to be no improvement. The simple article relishes best. And as it is, without doubt, most wholesome, the question of trying to make it better by expensive additions, is about settled.

Speaking of expense, it strikes us that there must be a signal economy in thus getting all the nutrition that is in the grain, without the usual abatements, first of bolting, and afterwards of fermentation. Not having thought of it in that light, we are not ready with comparative calculations, but the fact is that two pans of biscuit, prepared as we have described, make a hearty meal for a family of eight; and less than a quart of flour is certainly a moderate provision for bread for that number.

RYE BREAD.

Our Western military posts in 1864, cost the Government \$25,000,000, and in 1865, \$47,000,000, of which last sum the pay of the troops took only \$1,612,000, while the subsistence department availed up \$31,528,890, and the quartermaster's \$23,373,200. It is stated that \$150,000,000 will scarcely meet the expenses of the past year.

In England, as well as here, there have been heavy rains lately, and they have caused great apprehensions about the crops. The English harvest, it is thought, would only be an average one—and that country was beginning to look to the United States for a supply of food.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Married Life of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria.

The long expected volume, prepared under the directions of Queen Victoria, and entitled "The Early Years of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort," has just appeared in London. It was prepared under the superintendence of the Queen, by Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. C. Grey; but others which are to follow will be edited by Mr. Theodore Martin. The translation of the Prince's letters are, with a few merely verbal corrections, by the Princess Helena.

The possibility of a marriage between the Queen and the Prince was, it seems, fondly looked forward to by the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg from a very early period, and the Prince used to relate that "when he was a child of three years old, his nurse always told him that he should marry the Queen; and that when he first thought of marrying at all, he always thought of her." As the children grew up this idea was warmly encouraged by the King of the Belgians, from whom, indeed, the Queen first heard of it; but the idea of such a marriage met with much opposition, and the late King William IV. did everything in his power to discourage it. No fewer than five other marriages had been contemplated for the young Princess; and the King, though he never mentioned the subject to the Princess herself, was especially anxious to bring about an alliance between her and the late Prince Alexander of the Netherlands, brother to the present King of Holland. In his anxiety to effect this object he did everything he could, though ineffectually, to prevent the Duke of Ossburg's visit to England in 1836, when he came over with his sons and spent nearly four weeks at Kensington Palace with the Duchess of Kent. Queen Adelaide, in later years, said to the Queen that if she had told the King that it was her own wish to marry her cousin, and that her own happiness depended on it, he would at once have given up his opposition to it, as he was very fond of and always very kind to his niece. It was then that the Queen and Prince met for the first time, and Her Majesty thus records her impressions of the visit:

The Prince was at that time much shorter than his brother, already very handsome, but very stout, which he entirely grew out of afterward. He was most amiable, natural, unaffected, and merry—full of interest in everything, playing on the piano with the Princess, his cousin—drawing; in short, constantly occupied. He always paid the greatest attention to all he saw, and the Queen remembers well how intently he listened to the sermon preached in St. Paul's, where he and his father and brother accompanied the Duchess of Kent and the Princesses there on the occasion of the service attended by the children of the different charity schools. It is indeed rare to see a prince, not yet 17 years of age, bestowing such earnest attention on a sermon.

It was probably in the early part of 1838 that the King of the Belgians, in writing to the Queen, first mentioned the idea of such a marriage. Both the Prince and his father seem to have objected from the first to the proposal that a few years should elapse before the marriage should take place, he being then 18 years of age. "I am ready," he said to King Leopold, "to submit to this delay if I have only some certain assurance to go upon. But, if after waiting perhaps for three years I should find that the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a very ridiculous position, and would to a certain extent ruin all the prospects of my future life." The Queen says she never entertained any idea of this, and she afterward repeatedly informed the Prince that she would never have married any one else. So express, however, great regret that she had not after her accession kept up her correspondence with her cousin as she had done before it. "Nor can the Queen now," she adds, "think without indignation against herself of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, or until she might feel inclined to marry! And the Prince has since told her that he came over in 1838 with the intention of telling her that if she could not then make up her mind she must understand that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about. The only care the Queen can make for herself is in the fact that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen regnant, at the age of 18, put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly regrets. A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at 18 without experience, and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger."

In October, 1839, the visit to England was paid which decided the fate of the young Prince's life. Prince Albert was accompanied by his brother, and both were charged with a letter from the King of the Belgians to the Queen, in which he recommended them to her kindness. The volume then proceeds to describe the reception given by the Queen to the Prince, and the way of life at Windsor during their stay. They arrived on the 10th of October, and on the 14th the Queen told Lord Melbourne that she had made up her mind to the marriage. The courtier stammered his great satisfaction. An intimation was given to the Prince that the Queen wished to speak to him next day. On that day, the 15th, the Prince had been out hunting with his brother, but returned at 19, and half an hour afterward obeyed the Queen's summons to her room, where he found her alone. After a few minutes' conversation on other subjects the Queen told him why she had sent for him; "and we can well understand," writes Gen. Grey, "any little hesitation and difficulty she may have felt in doing so, for the Queen's position making it imperative that any proposal of marriage should come first from her, most necessarily appear a painful one to those who derive their ideas on this subject from the practice of private life, are wont to look upon it as the privilege and happiness of a woman to have her hand sought in marriage instead of having to offer it herself." The Queen herself says that the Prince received her offer "without any hesitation, and with the warmest demonstrations of kindness and affection." The Queen told him to fetch his brother Ernest, which he did.

The Queen announces what had taken place in the following letter to the King of Belgium:

WINDSOR CASTLE, Oct. 15, 1839.

MY DEAREST UNCLE.—This letter will, I am

sure, give you pleasure, for you have always shown and taken so warm an interest in all that concerns me. My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfect, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact, a very necessary thing in his position.

These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewitched by it that I hardly know how to write; but I do feel very happy. It is absolutely necessary that this deterioration of mine should be known to no one but yourself and to Uncle Ernest until after the meeting of Parliament, as it would be considered, otherwise, negligent on my part not to have assembled Parliament at once to inform them of it.

Lord Melbourne, whom I have of course consulted about the whole affair, quite approves my choice, and expresses great satisfaction at this event, which he thinks in every way highly desirable.

Lord Melbourne has acted in this business as he has always done toward me, with the greatest kindness and affection. We also think it better, and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February.

"Pray, dearest Uncle, forward these two letters to Uncle Ernest, to whom I beg you will erjoin strict secrecy, and explain these details, which I have not time to do, to and faithful Stockmar. I think you might tell Louise of it, but none of her family.

"I wish to keep the dear young gentleman here till the end of next month. Ernest's sincere pleasure gives me great delight. He does no more dear Albert.

"Ever, dearest Uncle, your devoted Niece.

"V. R."

The King replied that the Queen's choice had been "for these last years" his conviction of what would be best for her happiness.

"In your position, which may and will perhaps become in future even more difficult in a political point of view, you could not exist without having a happy and agreeable 'intérieur.' And I am much deceived (which I think I am not) or you will find in Albert just the very qualities and disposition which are indispensable for your happiness, and which will suit your own character, temper, and mode of life.

"You say most amably that you consider it a sacrifice on the part of Albert. This is true, in many points, because his position will be a difficult one; but much, I may say all, will depend on your affection for him. If you love him, and are kind to him, he will easily bear the burdens of his position, and there is a steadiness, and at the same time a cheerfulness in his character, which will facilitate this."

From Prince Albert's own letters we learn something more of this interesting interview, in a letter to his grandmother he writes:

The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me in a genuine outburst of love and affection (Ergusse von Hatzelkelt und Liebe) that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy (ubrigglicklich) if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her, for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was that she did not think he was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure Heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together. Since that moment Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like, and we talk together a great deal about our future life, which she promises me to make as happy as possible.

In another letter to a college friend he says: You know how matters stood when I last saw you here. After that the sky was darkened more and more. The Queen declared to my uncle of Bélgium that she wished the affair to be considered as broken off, and that for four years she could think of no marriage. I went, therefore, with the quiet but firm resolution to declare on my part that I also, tired of the delay, withdrew entirely from the affair. It was not, however, thus ordained by Providence, for on the second day after our arrival the most friendly demonstrations were directed toward me, and two days later I was secretly called to a private audience, in which the Queen offered me her hand and heart. The strictest secrecy was required. Ernest alone knew of it, and it was only at our departure that I could communicate my engagement to my mother.

Many interesting passages from the Queen's journal are then given relating to the announcement of the marriage to the Privy Council and the Parliament, and the preliminary arrangements. After the Prince returned to Germany the Queen corresponded constantly with him. The Queen's notes to have been inconstant at the time with the proceedings in Parliament relative to the grant which was ultimately voted to the Prince. But the Prince himself, it is said, soon understood the nature of our political parties, and that "the proceedings in Parliament were only the result of high party feeling, and were by no means to be taken as marks of personal disrepect or want of kind feeling toward himself."

After the marriage, which took place on the 10th of February, 1840, the separation from his father, who returned on the 28th, was deeply felt by the Prince. "He said to me," the Queen records in her journal, "that I have never known a father, and could not therefore feel what he did. His childhood had been very happy. Ernest (the hereditary prince, who remained for some time in England after his brother's marriage) he said was now the only one remaining here of all his earliest ties and recollections, but that if I continued to love him as I did now, I could make up for it all. He never cried, he said, in general, but Alvesleben and Koliwraht (they had accompanied the Duke to England, and now left with him) had cried so much that he was quite overcome. Oh, how I did feel for my dearest, precious husband at this moment! Father, brother, friends, country—all has been left, and all for me. God grant that I may be the happy person, the most happy person to make this dearest, blessed being happy and contented! What is in my power to make him happy I will do."

The Prince disliked the dirt and smoke, and still more the late hours of London, and the Queen records of herself that she soon began to share his love of the country. In an entry in her journal, written in 1840, she says:

I told Albert that formerly I was too happy to

go to London and wretched to leave it, and now, since the blessed hour of my marriage, and still more since the summer, I dislike and am unhappy to leave the country, and could be content and happy never to go to town. This pleased him. The solid pleasures of a peaceful quiet, yet merry life in the country, with my estimable husband and friend, my all in all, are far more durable than the amusements of London, though we don't despise or dislike these sometimes.

As years went on this preference for the country on the part of the Queen grew stronger and stronger, "till residence in London became positively distasteful to her." Her Majesty says, in note, that it was also injurious to her health, as she suffered much from the extreme weight and thickness of the atmosphere, which gave her the headache. Residence in London was, in fact, "only made endurable by having her beloved husband at her side to share with her and support her in the irksome duties of court receptions and state ceremonials." The Prince, however, was always anxious that the Queen should spend as much of her time as she could in London, though the sacrifice to him was so great.

Gen. Grey, commenting on the beauty of the domestic life of the Royal family, and the freedom of Prince Albert from the vicissitudes of former generations of the Royal family, observes:—"Above all, he has set an example for his children from which they may be sure they can never deviate without failing in public estimation, and running the risk of undoing the work which he has been so instrumental in accomplishing."

When the Princess Royal was born, "for a moment only," the Queen says, "was he disappointed at its being a daughter and not a son. During the time the Queen was laid up, his care and devotion," the Queen records, "were quite beyond expression." He was content to sit by her in a darkened room, to read to her or write for her. A memorandum by Her Majesty says:—

No one but himself ever lifted her from her bed to her sofa, and he always helped to wheel her on her bed or sofa into the next room. For this purpose he would come instantly, when sent for, from any part of the house. As years went on, and he became overwhelmed with work, (for his attentions were the same in all the Queen's subsequent confidences,) this was often done at much inconvenience to himself, but he ever came with a sweet smile on his face. "In short," the Queen adds, "his care of her was like that of a mother, nor could there be a kinder, wiser, or more judicious nurse."

The volume closes with the first year of her Majesty's married life; the next will probably commence with an account of the Princess Royal's christening, in the beginning of the year 1841.

Montana.

"The climate of Montana," says a resident of that territory, "is the severest I have ever experienced. The winters are cold and protracted, the thermometer frequently forty degrees below zero, and the weather for days and sometimes weeks without change. Snow falls to a great depth upon the ranges, many of which are perpetually covered. Our communication with the states was cut off for two months last winter by a body of snow varying from the depth of eighteen to forty feet on the main Rocky Mountain range between us and Salt Lake. Our last snow-storm, on the 20th of May last, covered the earth to the depth of two feet. The little summer weather we have is warm and delightful, and the fall, which frequently reaches into December, is equal in purity, mildness and beauty to that of any region upon the earth. The altitude of our city, 6,700 feet above the sea, secures to us an atmosphere of great purity, and so light as very sensibly to affect the breathing apparatus of one who all his life has inhaled the vapors of the states. A peculiarity of this pure atmosphere is that one can see mountains and other conspicuous objects at a distance of one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles, and the actual distance between points seems more than half annihilated to the sense of vision. Seen at a distance of eighteen miles, as it is approached from the direction of Fort Benton, the city of Helena is seemingly not five miles away. The largeness of view afforded by this transparency of atmosphere, embracing long mountain ranges, immense valleys, large rivers, dotted here and there with grotesque-looking hills, covered with pines, imparts to the beholder an idea of grandeur and magnificence which finds no parallel in a survey of the wildest scenery of the states."

The Staff of Life.

Dr. Henry S. Chase, in the *Medical Investigator*, estimates that a mother and child under eighteen months, together require for the nutrition of the dental and osseous systems, 55 grains per day of phosphate of lime for the former, and 27 grains for the latter. These 82 grains, he says, are contained in 10 ounces of cheese, in 21 ounces of peas, in 35 ounces of fresh mutton, beef, or unbolted wheat flour, or in one hundred and seventy-five ounces of fine flour, such as we commonly use—enough to make a dozen loaves of baker's bread of the largest size. Think of a woman eating a dozen of those loaves daily to sustain the osseous system! It is consoling that bread is a minor item in the diet of most persons. Want of backbone, or any bone at all, would result from a diet of fine wheaten bread, if these calculations are not at fault somewhere. Living on "bread and butter" of this sort is too common, however, among the women and children of America. There is a "fatal facility" about it. We must have a new "staff of life," with more bone in it, and equally handy.

In further proof of the marvellous resources of Southern Missouri, a lode of ready-made watches has been struck on Shepherd Mountain. There were six or seven at hand—one gold, and the others silver. Operations for developing the lode will probably begin immediately. In 1865, says the *Enterprise*, a jewelry store was robbed of some sixty or seventy watches, and it is possible the ones found are part of the number.

Many who tell us how much they despise riches and preferment, mean undoubtedly the riches and preferment of other men.

TANNING.—The report of the Commissioners having charge of this department of the Paris Exposition, have arrived at conclusion which will meet the approval of practical chemists regarding the various processes for rapid tanning, namely: That no definite advantage has yet been found in these processes, and the period required remains about the same as before.

The Discovery of America.

Although the world has long ago accepted the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus as its true and real discovery, Scandinavia has never consented to this, and still holds that the first finding was by the sons of Jarl and Vikings, and points out daily some new evidence that Europe knew America long before Columbus or Vespucci or their compatriots sailed westward. Fresh interest has lately been given to the argument by Prof. Rasmussen's journey to the Potomac, where he inscribed on the Arrow Rock an alleged Runic inscription of 1051. This inscription is in six lines, each three inches long, on a rock about five feet high, which has long been overlooked. It says:

"Hir hulir Suzy fagr-hardr aust Firthing Iksa Kildi svit Thorg sam fathr half-thirigr gleda Gud sal heier M. L. I.

"Hera resto Suzy, fair-haired, (from) Eirik Farther Island (Iceland), (widow) of Kjeld, sister of Thorger (children of) same father, (aged) half-thirty, glad God soul her. 1051."

Human remains and coins were found near the monument.

Two Scandinavians claim that an Icelander, named Bjorn, in A. D. 1000, was blown away to America. He returned and told Eric the Red of his discovery, who sailed westward five hundred years before Amerigo Vespucci, and found Newfoundland or Vineland. From here they coasted southward to Narragansett Bay, where they spent a whole season, returned, and sent another colony. In 1221, Eric, a Bishop, visited the new see. Before that, commerce was maintained between the colony and mother country, and 1406 the last Bishop was sent westwardly. There were then three hundred Scandinavian villages in America, which were soon lost sight of. When increasing cold blocked Greenland from Iceland, Vineland was deserted, and its inhabitants were left to care for themselves, and so were speedily lost.

In 1117 a Saga was found at an old college in Iceland, which described the adventures of the Norsemen in America, and told where they settled and what they did. The Saga was in Latin, full and complete, and described a burial in particular. It purports to say that Haraldsson found south of Vineland, and how a woman, daughter of Sueri, was killed by the Skraelings, or Indians, near some great falls. Sir Thomas Murray said, judging from the recorded lengths of day and night, that this murder was on the Chesapeake Bay, in the Potomac river, and not far from Washington. Mr. Raffason, M. Leguereau, Prof. Brand and Dr. Boyce examined the spot, in accordance with the Saga, and found, in June last, the Runic inscription, which, as they claim, verifies the story.

It certainly is singular that after so many centuries of rest the dead should rise in their graves and claim from Columbus and Amerigo and their followers a renown which has not been questioned to them in the lapses of so many centuries. There are no vital interests concerned. There are no antiquarian theories of great moment resolved in this alleged discovery. But there will certainly be something quaint and curious in those proofs, should they be made such, which establish that the sons of the old Jarls and Vikings fished in our waters, hunted our fields and tilled our lands down to the Chesapeake long before Miles Standish drew breath, or John Smith bent a bow, or Penn sought a new home, and even before Columbus had shown that an egg may stand upon either end. The interest among the Scandinavians is likely to be strong, and we shall haply welcome them more to follow the steps of their great leader and antetype.

A Boot Taken in Evidence.

A novel method of keeping accounts was developed at a trial in West Troy, N. Y., recently. James Hunter, an illiterate man who wrote on the trial that he could not read or write, sued Thomas Walls for services in rafting lumber from Slat City to Utica. The counsel for Walls asked Hunter how he could swear so positively to the number of days work, twenty-nine, when he was unable to read or write and keep an account of the services? The witness replied that after every day's labor he cut a notch in the top of his boot, and there were twenty-nine of these notches. Hunter's counsel then directed the ingenious accountant to pull off his boot, which he did, exhibiting the account to the somewhat astonished gaze of the court. He then presented the boot in evidence; the same was accepted, and Hunter recovered the amount of compensation claimed for the twenty-nine days' labor. This mode of keeping accounts rather beats the old chalk lines upon the cellar door.

THE MERMAID IN CHARLESTON.—It was recently reported in Charleston, that a mermaid, which had been washed ashore by the high tides, had been captured and taken to a certain drug store in that town. In consequence, according to a Charleston paper, the druggist's doors were, in less than half an hour, "besieged by scores of freedmen and a few white visitors, determined to see the wonderful though apocryphal denizen of the deep." It was next reported that "pilot-boat Wild Cat had just come in with a message from outside, stating that, unless the mermaid was brought and delivered over the bar within twenty-four hours, there would be dreadful doings in the city of Charleston at the expiration of that time." Some of the freedmen proposed a rescue, and "the crowd at last became so furious and threatening, that the proprietor of the establishment was compelled to ask for a squad of policemen to protect his premises."

Louis Kosuth declines a seat in the Hungarian Parliament, conferred upon him by the electors of Walzen.

If you would have your company at ease, be yourself at ease. Be at home within your self, and all around you will feel so.

The visit of the Empress Eugenie to America will continue for two days. The Empress returned to France on July 24th. As usual with all movements of foreign sovereigns, there are various speculations as to the object of the visit, and the wisest guess was, that it was "simply a matter of private friendship."

The last freak of fashion, the London Medical Press says, is the abolition of the pearl powder, rouge, and white lead that have so long reigned. Even belladonna is to be discarded at Paris, and "golden hair" will soon become a rare commodity. The decree has gone forth for black hair and bronze complexions, and they are henceforth to be produced, no matter at what expense. To give a lady of fashion a complexion of gipsy, nothing is needed but a little walnut juice; but whether a dirty face will long be the rage, the Medical Press says it would be rash to predict.

The Surratt Trial.

Washington, August 10.—The jury in the Surratt case could not agree, and have just been discharged by Judge Fisher. They stood four hours.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[August 17, 1867.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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MY LONG BRANCH SONG.

Oh, sweet, silver nights that shine over the sea,
Oh, bright stars searching the depths below,
Down, down where the caverns of coral be,
Down, down where the beautiful sea flowers blow.

Reaching for wonderful sparkle and light
Loose and flash of the sea gem rate,
Tell me, I pray, have you found there to right
The shine of my sailor boy's golden hair?

Have you seen, in some shadowy, purple cave,
A fair, sleeping face upturned to the sky,
Two white ears deaf to the high, ringing wave,
Two white lips forgetting to speak or sigh?

Would I were a star, and I'd tremble for eye
Over the sea in the wild night air;
Not to find light in the sea gem's spray,
But to bless my eyes with that face so fair?

Not to make sparkle the sea elves' eyes,
Nor woo the soft splendor of ocean pearls,
But to nestled and crept where a low head lies,
And sleep in the sailor boy's golden curls.

Oh, silverest star, that shines out in the west,
You may find, if you will, that charmed spot
in the sea;
Reach down with your calm eyes and brighten
his rest,

And kiss him, and bless him, and watch him
for me.

HOME GUARDS—During the last stage of the war, says the Richmond Enquirer, while the Confederate army was retreating through South Carolina, Sergeant McD—, of Western North Carolina, was sent on detail to the town of M—, where a regiment of home guards was stationed. These valorous heroes, seeing a soldier from the front, gathered around him, eagerly inquiring the news. "News?" said Mack, solemnly; "I believe there is none. Yes, there is a little, too, but it's not of much importance; old Hardee burnt up a regiment of home guards at Forts the other day, to keep them from falling into the enemy's hands." Mack walked coolly on, and no more questions were asked.

A SAN FRANCISCO paper thus records an impudent practical joke: "We fear that the young amusement seekers of Vallejo are bad—demonized. There is not much fun in this little town, but when there is, the boys play *Masquerade Ball* tricks on the doorkeeper. We learn that at the Catholic Fair, in Vallejo, two boys procured season tickets and went into the hall together; one came out with both tickets and took in a third boy, and repeating the process, the hall was filled with boys, and only two tickets were used."

"Sir," said the victim of an assault, "did you mean it when you kicked me down stairs, or was it a practical joke?" "I meant it, sir," was the immediate response. "I am glad to hear it," was the rejoinder; "I don't like such practical jokes."

The world's experience preaches in vain; every man thinking himself an exception to all general rules.

FRAXITELLES AND PHRYNE.

BY WILLIAM W. STORY.

A thousand silent years ago,
The starlight faint and pale
Was drawing on the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil;

When from his work the Sculptor stayed
His hand, and turned to one
Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said, with a sigh, " 'Tis done."

Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs dismay,
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay;

But there thy smile for centuries
Our marble lips shall live,—
For Art can grant what Love denies
And fix the fugitive.

Sad thought! now age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust;
When the quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I, are dust!

When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
And Love is like a tune that's played,
And Life a tale that's told.

This counterfeit of senseless stone,
That no sweet blush can warm,
The same enchanting look shall own,
The same enchanting form.

And there upon that silent face
Shall unbom age see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity.

And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall not, say, quite unmoved,
Be smil'd upon by Praxiteles
The Phryne whom he loved."

The Feelings of the Dead.

"In the winter of 1867," said Mr. H—, "there was a great deal of typhus fever in Edinburgh. It was a gloomy, sad winter, changing frequently from hard frost to warm, rainy, oppressive weather; and never did my native city, better deserve the name of *Auld Reekie* than during nearly four months of that year. The high winds, to which we are generally subjected in winter, seemed to have ceased altogether; the smoke, instead of rising, beat down upon the city; and, notwithstanding its elevated situation, and fine mountain air, the streets and houses were so murky dark that there was little difference between the short, dim day and the long and early night. A sort of oppression fell upon all men's spirits, which was increased by the floating rumors of the awful ravages of disease in the town, brought home to us, every now and then, by the death of an acquaintance, friend or relation. Gradually the fever increased in virulence, and extended far and wide; till it became almost a pestilence. It confined itself to no class or age. Judges, lawyers, physicians, were smitten as well as the humbler classes: old and young fell alike before it. Many good men in the ministry were taken away. It assumed the worst form of all, however, in the prisons of the city, and the account of its ravages within their walls was tremendous. As the minister of the Kirk, I was not absolutely called upon to attend the prisoners; but I heard that two of my brethren had died, in consequence of their tedious care of the poor souls within those heavy walls. It was with difficulty that a sufficient number of the clergy could be found to attend to their spiritual wants, and I volunteered to visit the prisons daily myself. For nearly a fortnight I continued in the performance of the functions I had undertaken, without suffering in the least, except mentally, from witnessing the sufferings of others. But one Saturday night, I returned home through the very gloomy streets, I felt a lassitude upon me, an utter prostration of strength, which forced me to stop twice, in order to rest, before I reached my own door. I attributed it to excessive fatigue; for I was without the slightest apprehension, and never at all looked forward to the coming calamity. When I reached home, I could not eat; my appetite was gone. But that I attributed also to fatigue, and I went quietly to bed. During the night, however, intense pain in the back and in the forehead succeeded; a burning heat spread all over me; my tongue became parched and dry; my mind wandered slightly; and, instead of rising to preach, as I intended, I was obliged to lie still, and send for a physician with the first ray of the morning light. His visit is the last thing I recollect for several days. I remember his ordering all the windows to be opened, notwithstanding the coldness of the day, and causing saucers, filled with some disinfecting fluid, to be placed in different parts of the room, in order to guard my wife and children against the infection. I then, for the first time, discovered that I had caught the fever. I remember little more—for violent delirium set in soon—till suddenly, after a lapse of several days, I regained my consciousness, and with it a conviction that I was dying. My wife was kneeling, weeping, by my bedside; two physicians and a nurse were present; and it was strange, after the dull state of perfect insensibility in which I had lain during the last twenty-four hours, how completely all my senses had returned, how keen were all my perceptions, how perfect my powers of thought and reason. In my very healthiest days, I never remember to have had so complete command of all my mental faculties as at that moment. But I was reduced to infant weakness, and there was a sensation of sinking faintness, not confined to any one part, or organ, but spreading over my whole frame, which plainly announced to me that the great event was coming. They gave me some brandy in teaspoonful; but it had no other effect than to enable me to utter a few words of affection and consolation to my wife, and then the power of speech departed altogether. The sensation that succeeded I cannot describe. Few have felt it. But I have conversed with one or two who have experienced the same, and I never found one who, either by a figure or by direct language, could convey any notion of it. The utmost I can say is, that it was a feeling of extinction. Fainting is very different. This was dying, and a single moment of perfect unconsciousness succeeded.

Every one believed me dead. My eyes were closed, and weight put upon them. The lower jaw, which remained dropped, was bound up with a black ribbon. My wife was hurried from

the room, sobbing sadly; and there I lay, motionless, voiceless, sightless; growing colder, and more cold, my limbs numbed, my heart without pulsation, dead, all but in spirit, and with but one corporeal faculty in its original acuteness. Not only did my hearing remain perfect and entire, but it seemed to be quickened, and rendered ten times more sensitive than ever. I could hear sounds in the house, at a distance from my chamber, which had never reached me there before. The convulsive sobbing of my wife in a distant room; the murmured conversation of the physicians in a chamber below; the little feet of my children treading with timid steps as they passed the chamber of death; and the voice of the nurse saying, "Hush, my dear, hush," as the eldest wept alone in ascending the stairs.

There was an old woman left with a light, to watch with the dead body, and I cannot tell you how painful to me was her moving about the room, her muttering to herself, and her heavy snoring when she fell asleep. But more terrible anguish was in store. On the following morning, the undertaker came to measure me for my coffin. Although, as I have said, I was all benumbed, yet I had a faint remnant of feeling, which made me know when anything touched me, and a consciousness as perfect as in the highest days of health. You can fancy, better than I can tell, what I endured, as I felt the man's measure run over my body to take the precise size for the awful receptacle that was to carry me to the grave. Then came the discussion of half an hour between him and the old crone in the chamber, in regard to black gloves and hat-bands. I am really ashamed of myself when I remember the sensations I experienced. I never felt so unchristian in my life, as I did then, when lying to all appearance dead; and the worst of it all was, I could not master those sensations. Will seemed to be at an end, even when consciousness remained entire. After that, what I most distinctly remember, was a long, dull blank. I fancy the room was left vacant, for I had no perceptions. The spirit was left to itself. Its only remaining organ of communication with the material world had nothing to act upon, and thought was all in all. But thought was concentrated altogether upon one subject. Every man who believes, has much to hope and to fear in the presence of another world. But repentance, hope, fear—I tell you the plain truth—another world itself, never came into my mind. They seemed to have died away from memory, with that extinction of will of which I have spoken. All I thought of then, was, that I was lying there, and was about to be buried with the dead. It was like one of those terrible dreams in which we seem grasped by some monster, or some assassin, and struggle to shriek or to resist, but have neither power to utter a sound nor to move a limb.

I will not dwell much upon the farther particulars. The coffin was brought into the room; I was dressed in my grave-clothes; I was moved into that narrow bed, stiff, and rigid as a stone, with agony of mind which I thought must have awakened some power in the cold, dull mass which bound up my spirit. One whole night I lay there in the coffin, hearing the tick of the clock upon the stairs—filled with strange and wild impressions—doubting whether I were really dead or whether I was living—longing to see and know if my flesh were actually corrupting—fancying that I felt the worm. The morning broke; a dim, gray light found its way through my closed eyelids; and about an hour after I heard the step of the undertaker and another man in the room. One of them dropped something heavily on the floor, and a minute after they came close to the coffin, and the undertaker asked his assistant for the screw-driver. It was the last instant of hope, and all was agony. Suddenly I heard my wife's step quite at the foot of the stairs. "Oh, God! she will never let them!" I thought. "She who loved me so well, and who was so dearily loved!"

The scene very slowly up the stairs, and she was now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lovers' letters were all so much alike. "It's so naughty of you," said Mrs. Richmond. "But oh, dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly as with me. I ran away with your papa, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Frederick has such fine eyes, and is so very pleasing. I wish I could often see your papa."

"When he has seen the letters there'll be no hope, I'm afraid," sobbed Lucilla. "Fred is so romantic, and papa hates romance."

"He used to be very romantic himself in those old times," said Mrs. Richmond. "Such letters as he wrote me. I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him."

"No does Fred," said Lucilla.

"And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful (he thought so, you know). I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little," said Mrs. Richmond.

But she dared not promise that he would.

She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down; then went up into her own room to put the letters into her desk; and as she placed them in one pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle, tied exactly as those were, and drew them out.

These letters were to a Lucilla also. One who had received them twenty years before—and she was now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lovers' letters were all so much alike.

Half-a-dozen—just the same number, and much more romantic than those the music-master had written to her daughter. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by a look or a word she had never attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter. When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened, and something in her pocket rustled as she moved. But she said nothing to any one on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it came her husband, angrier and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence; then, having adjourned to the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm-chair, and demanded:

"The letters," in a voice of thunder.

Mrs. Richmond put her hand into her pocket, and pulled it out again with a frightened look.

Mr. Richmond repeated, still more sternly:

"Those absurd letters, if you please, ma'am."

And then the little woman faltered:

"I—that is—I believe—yes, dear—I believe I have them," and gave him a white pile of envelopes, encircled with blue ribbon, with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf.

As for Lucilla, she began to weep as though the end of all things had come at last, and felt sure that if papa should prove cruel she should die.

Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla," said the indignant parent. "I am shocked that a child of mine could practice such duplicity. Hem! let me see. Number one, I believe. June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us then, Lucilla. Let me see—ah! From the first moment he adored you, eh? Nonsense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance and respect and attachment. With your smile for his goal, he would win both fame and fortune, poor as he is! Fiddlesticks, Lucilla! A man who has common sense would always wait until he had a fair compensation before he proposed to any girl. Praise of your beauty. The loveliest creature he ever saw! Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. Must hear from you or die!" Dear, dear, dear—how absurd!

And Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter, and took up another.

"The same stuff!" he commented. "I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain, earnest, upright sort of man would never go into such rhapsodies, I am sure. Ah! now, in number three he calls you 'an angel!' He is romantic, upon my word. And what is all this?"

"Mrs. Maria W. Schlemm."

"A young man called at the city clerk's

in New Bedford, a day or two since, and asked for a "death warrant."

The astonished clerk assured him that he dealt in no such documents.

"Well," said the fellow, "give me a marriage certificate; it amounts to about the same thing."

The Mercury hopes that youth will catch a Taras.

"Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe."

Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe.

Six Love-Letters.

"Are there any more of those letters?"

When her father asked this question, in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say "No," and dared not say "Yes," but as an intermediate course burst into tears, and sobbed over her handkerchief.

"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her father, as if she had answered him, in fact, she had; and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self-grown older, came behind her husband's chair and patted him on his shoulder.

BURIED CHILDREN.

Sometimes when the day grows dusky,
And the stars begin to come,
When the children from their playing
Come singing and laughing home,
I think, with a sudden sorrow,
As they press through the open door,
Of the face of the lovely children
That we never shall see any more.

Children in snow-white caskets,
Lie away to their rest,
Their still hands lying folded
Over the pulseless breast!
Children who came and tarried
As only it were for a night,
And passed, at the break of the morning,
On a far journey out of sight.

On a long and lonely journey,
Where we could not help or hold,
For we saw but the closing of eyelids,
The fading of looks of gold;
And knew how now was silence,
Where once had been prattle and song;
And only a child and a shadow
Where was sunshine the whole day long.

Away from our care and caresses,
"God knows where they are," they say,
And we know that we tarry behind them
Only a little way;
For we, too, hasten in our journey,
And we know it will not be long
Till we come to the city eternal,
The rest and the rapture of song.

Yet oft, when the sun is setting
In unspeakable splendor of light,
Or the day grows dim and dusky,
And the shadows stretch into the night,
When the children, tired with playing,
Come in through the open door,
I think of the dear, dear children,
Who never will come any more.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER I.

MR. MOSS IS SUSPECTED.

"I leave it to you, of course, my lord, to act as you think proper," said Mr. Moss, pausing to and fro along the little railway platform at Shelton by the side of his tall client; "but if you ask my advice—"

"I do not ask it. Let the man alone, and let the woman alone, and leave me to deal with the matter in my own way," said Lord Ulswater with an irritability that was not usual with him. He was not often rude to an inferior. His habitual courtesy had stood him in good stead in many a strait, and he was too wise not to know that the manner of doing is often of more consequence than the nature of what is done. But something—could it be the varnish and gloss of gracious gent's chivalry, the gilding that covered the hardness beneath?—was wearing very thin as concerned John, Lord Ulswater.

Mr. Moss, attorney-at law, was not offended. He could comprehend his client's excitement. The news which he had himself brought down from London was of a kind, as he shrewdly guessed, to cause much mental perturbation to his noble client, albeit it was at Lord Ulswater's express desire that he had left no stone unturned to discover what his employer wished to know. He had telegraphed from London to announce his intention of bringing the tidings in person to St. Pagans; but Lord Ulswater, probably unwilling to endure Lady Harriet's comments on a second visit from the Old Jowly practitioner, had preferred to meet the latter at the station.

"You are sure, Moss, there is no mistake?" asked Lord Ulswater again, after a space of silence.

"Quite sure. That boy Ike is about the sharp-esteved young gonoph in all London," answered Mr. Moss confidently. "He was but a youngster when Dandy Jem left England for the benefit of his health; but he has a capital memory for faces, and may perhaps one day be valuable in a Private Inquiry Office."

"And the place—yes, here it is, the written address," said the client, taking from his pocket a folded piece of paper. "Quite right, Moss. I thank you."

They walked together for a little time more silently. Mr. Moss took more than one stealthy look at his noble friend as the latter strode slowly by his side, with downcast eyes, compressed lips, and his hat pulled over his brows. How very stern and pale he was, the lawyer thought. How much of the bloom of youth seemed, in the course of the last few weeks or months, to have gone from him. He had seemed younger, healthier, happier, when he had unexpectedly called at the attorney's office, on the morrow of his great speech in the House of Lords. Was that day years ago? One might have thought so by the change that passion, care, and sleeplessness had wrought so rapidly. That was not the worst of it. Mr. Moss was not sentimental enough to care for the looks of his clients, ill or well; that was a matter for themselves and their doctors; but Lord Ulswater had a something indescribable about him; something that Mr. Moss, in his thoughts, could only classify by the vague word "dangerous." He had a lowering look like that of a thunder-storm rolling heavily up before the hot south wind, and it was hard to calculate on whose head the stroke might descend, flashing, fulminant. It was a look that the lawyer very much disliked to see. As a rule, ill-bummed moneyed clients are the apple of an attorney's eye. Without bad temper for stimulus, few lawsuits would be fought out to the bitter end. But when a litigant seems disposed to take, as the phrase goes, the law into his own hands, prudent solicitors prefer to give the unprofitable desperado a wide berth; and Lord Ulswater did not seem in the disposition to fight his battles soberly, legally, by help of the deputies of Our Sovereign Lady the Queen, as a man should do.

"I'd give ten guineas out of my own pocket, not to have told him," thought Mr. Moss to himself, with some curious feelings in his breast, which he took for compunction, but which were really due to selfish fear. Suppose something—did not care to particularize what—should occur, and all sorts of secrets should come out, what sort of figure should he, N. Moss, gentleman, cut in court and in the columns of the newspapers! Erring brethren of his profession had been struck off the rolls for less than he had done to merit such castigating.

Perhaps Lord Ulswater divined what was passing in the other's mind, for with that wonderful power over himself that he possessed, he

shook off, by a sudden effort, the grim and menacing expression that had stamped itself upon his features. It was a frank, smiling Lord Ulswater that turned towards Moss, saying:

"To tell you the truth, Moss, I've seen reason to change my views a good deal about matters on which men of my age are apt to look too lightly and too leniently. I do not wish, and never did wish, to molest these poor people; my only desire was, that they should not molest me. Now, having thought the matter over more deeply, I go further, and say that I have been to blame, and that I owe them reparation—You look surprised; but I am in earnest. I wish—in fact, my conscience is not quite clear on the subject of that poor girl—"

"I always thought as much," rapped out Mr. Moss, and then could have bitten his tongue for saying the words.

But Lord Ulswater did not take offence. Without noticing the attorney's interruption, he went on:

"I was young then, and—and I suppose careless and selfish, as young men are. It is not till we grow older and sadder that we begin to trace out the consequences of our own lightly regarded actions, and to perceive how, step by step, we have been the means of thrusting others down the road to ruin. I am sorry, now, that I ever saw Loya Fleming's face."

Mr. Moss stared at his client. Lord Ulswater's voice was grave and deep, and his tone and manner were such as implied, even to the distrustful little lawyer, absolute sincerity. Mr. Moss was a sound believer in that worldy axiom which forbids us to credit anything we hear, and but a bare moiety of what we see. He had had too much experience, however, to doubt that truth might occasionally be spoken by the falsest lips; and he thought that Lord Ulswater, for the moment, really did mean what he said. "He won't mean it to-morrow, and he didn't mean it yesterday," thought the attorney; "but he does mean it now." Mr. Moss was right. Lord Ulswater's words, for once, came from the heart. He had good reason then, and was in time to come to have better reason still, for wishing that he and Loya Fleming had always been strangers to one another.

He went on speaking upon the same subject after a pause, but this time his voice and manner were merely plausible, merely impressive, as might be those of a good actor or a popular preacher. He talked well, and without a certain warmth of expression; and Mr. Moss could find no flaw in his discourse, but he did not exactly put faith in its purport. Lord Ulswater desired—so he said—to give a helping hand, without disclosing himself, to James Sark and his wife—how, he could hardly tell as yet. It might be that the man, who had not been considered once as a totally irredeemable offender, might be weaned to better things. He was a clever fellow, by all accounts. Lord Ulswater recollects to have heard, while Sark lay in prison, that he was a man of rare mechanical skill and inventive faculty. It was a pity that such a fellow—a Trevethick or Boulton; for anything one could tell—should waste his powers in picking patent locks or breaking open wrought-iron safes. Much better to give him a fair start, far from old haunts and criminal companions, in a new arena, with assistance enough to keep his head above water till he could swim alone, so to speak.

Lord Ulswater was willing to be at costs and charges on James Sark's behalf. He owed an abatement, he said, to the man and to his wife too, and he meant to be their friend, if only he could find the best way of helping them, without avowedly coming forward in the matter. He owned, too, with engaging frankness, that he was anxious, for his own sake, to hear that they had quitted England for some colony, or for the United States, and were not likely to return. He admitted that Loya Sark might be able and willing to annoy him, should she remain in her native country, and that he would cheerfully undergo some pecuniary sacrifice to prevent this. "In fact," said Lord Ulswater, with his old, bright smile, now so seldom on his lips, "you are welcome to interpret this as you please, and to write me down as a selfish man, glad to give bush-money to bury a dead sin, and close the door upon a past that is best forgotten. I would pay much, very much, to settle those people comfortably and prosperously—not too near St. Pagans."

Mr. Moss, harkened, skeptical, puzzled; and his client went on to request that he, Mr. Moss, would make cautious inquiry as to James Sark, whether he was still engaged in his old, bad trade of plunder, whether he was in communication with his former associates, and above all, whether he seemed a likely man to reform and repent, should a kind hand be held out to assist him up the road, often steep and stony that leads out of the mire of crime to the table-land of honesty.

All this Mr. Moss promised to effect, gradually and with discretion, and he further agreed to be the channel of Lord Ulswater's bounty towards the Manxman and his wife. He also accepted, with a decent show of reluctance, a check which Lord Ulswater slipped into his hand. It was not by any means the regular thing, this mode of payment, without bill of costs or vouchers. Castles and Taping, or any other eminent firm of the Castles and Taping stamp, would have been scandalized by having remuneration thus thrust upon them as one fees a railway porter or an inn waiter. But a bird in the hand, a rustling, suriferous bird, whose notes were bank-notes, and whose eggs were golden eggs, was grateful to the touch of Mr. N. Moss of the Old Jewry.

And yet Mr. Moss could not divest himself of the impression that his distinguished client was playing a part, playing it very well and graciously, but as surely feigning as ever did stage-players feign the emotions proper to their part. He had this feeling strongly upon him even when the train that was to bear him back to London was ready to start, and he had taken his place, and Lord Ulswater had waved his hand in token of adieu, and stood, watching the receding carriages. Mr. Moss always remembered that last glimpse of his noble employer, so tall, stalwart, and manly, with that pale, handsome face, and the golden hair, on which the sunlight glinted, standing smiling on the platform as the train began to move; for Mr. Moss was to see Lord Ulswater, in this life, never more.

When the train had vanished in the distance, the master of St. Pagans mounted his horse, which a countryman was holding at the door of the station, and rode off, taking the intricate road towards Clackley Common. "Mill Lane, Abouski Street, East Greenwich," he muttered to himself as he rode off. "I have it written here; but I should not forget it in any case." He tore the paper to shreds, and rode fast upon his way.

CHAPTER II.

LOYA IS LEFT ALONE.

"If he knew what we know," chuckled old Brum, smoothing a refractory portion of the nap on his greasy hat—"if he knew what we know, he'd be down on his knees, and be begging for mercy, your grand lord would, I reckon."

And James Sark had laughed good-humoredly as he rejoined that such a result was very likely.

But the third member of the conference shook her head. She was less confident.

"You do not know him," she said; "I do, worse luck. If John Carnac were aware of the truth, and also that the whole wicked history is known to us three—" She stopped, shuddering, and her dark eyes, with a stony horror in them such as may have dwelt in those of fatal Cassandra, remained fixed upon the blackness of the oak-panelled wall.

"I know Loya, why, less, you a coward! What next?" cried her husband soothingly, and he laid his hand upon her shoulder. She shuddered again. "What ails you? I never knew her like this. Professor, in all this time we've been together," said Jem, ruefully.

Loya passed her hand over her fair, smooth forehead. She seemed to recover herself, but with an evident effort.

"I felt," she said—"I felt as if some one were walking over my grave, as we Furness folks used to say." She tried to smile, but the attempt was a failure. "I am very foolish; don't mind me," she said.

Jakes Sark took one or two quick turns up and down the little room.

"Look here, Loya, my love," he said; "you know well enough that this affair was none of my contriving. I never liked it, nor cared to meddle with it from the first. But I took it up to please you, dear, and now it makes you miserable that I should leave you, even for a few hours, to fetch the boy home. I wish we were in Australia again. I wish we were beyond seas anywhere. You'll go melancholy mad, my girl, moping here in this sort of way. Say the word, and I'll not go to London to-day, or the Professor shall stop with you."

Loya dashed back the dark hair from her brow. This time, she succeeded in smiling, but the smile was a sad one.

"I am getting fanciful," she said: "don't humor me, Jem. You spoil me, you are so kind. Soold me, now, do, for I should be much the better for it. But I won't keep you, and I won't keep the Professor. There—go, and bring back the boy with you. I never should forgive myself if harm happened to that poor child; and it would happen if John Carnac knew that he was among the living."

That permanent council of war which had established its pavilion in the late dwelling of the eccentric Mr. Vanperenboom, among the market-gardens of East Greenwich, had finally decided upon giving practical effect to Loya Sark's decision, often repeated, that "justice must be done." Justice, it was meant, to a certain small child-pupil, Paul West by name, as entered in the books of the pseudo-doctor's classical and commercial academy at Belgrave House, Clapham—justice to that bright-eyed boy, too young and too innocent to know that he had any rights, save to sundry marbles respectively entitled "taws," "alleys," and "agates," to a sufficient slice of the Sunday's plum pudding, and to the arbitrarily dispensed privilege to "cooey" during play-hours in true bush's yule.

Paul, little Paul, was to have justice done to him. Broad lands, and a stately home, and a noble name, and a birthright to sit among the hereditary legislators of his native country, and to help in making and mending that country's laws and policy, were his, if each one had his due.

"I never thought, when the thing was done, to see the boy righted, or to wish him to be righted," said Loya quite simply to her husband and to Brum. "I had suffered too much from his claim to be fair towards one of them. I hated gentle blood and all who claimed it—How did I know, I used to ask myself, that this innocent pretty babe, smiling up at me with his dear blue eyes and rosy mouth, is not merely as a cub, tiger, gentle because it is weak? How do I know that he will not grow up to a man, callous, haughty, selfish, tempting foolish maidens to sin and ruin, hard, pitiless?—I used to say these things to myself, and then I did not mean the child to get his own again. Why should I trouble myself to make him rich and great? I had been kinder to him than those of his own blood and name had been. It was thanks to me, bad as I was, that he lived, and smiled, and sported in the gay morning sunshine, instead of lying, where his kinsmen would have had him laid, in the dark cold grave, or beneath the deep sea. It was enough for him to be alive. I owed him nothing more."

"You were sore and angry, Loya, dear," Sark would say in his good-humored cheery voice. "You came to think better of it afterwards. We both got fond of the kid, didn't we, when we had him to ourselves, out in Australia there?"

The Manxman had not, perhaps, any very strong sympathies with poetical justice. He was a man quick to anger, and prone to resent an intentional injury, but by no means indiscriminating in his wrath, and as free from prejudice as can well be. He neither hated nor liked the upper stratum of society, not crediting its members with any peculiar bias towards vice or virtue, and cynically convinced that men and women were strangely alike, whatever their degree, and that the same passions, somewhat modified, were to be found in every grade, from the highest to the lowest.

"After all, it's a plaguy shame to keep a young chap out of his own, just because his own happens to be finer than most of us have the chance to get. He's right to his luck. Let him have the benefit of it," the returned transport had said. The vote was unanimous. Paul West was to be reinstated in his rights. But it was not to be expected that James Sark, a runaway from one of Her Majesty's penal settlements beyond seas, should undertake the "champery and maintenance" of the young heir. He could not haunt law courts, figure in consultations, cause notices to be served, forward petitions, file bills, and fight the legal battle in the legal way. The law had too tremendous a lien upon its penal serv for that to be feasible.

There was a metaphorical collar of slavery around the Manxman's neck, quite as potent for restraint as the actual metallic collar around the throat of Gurn the swineherd. It would have been Quidicotic to undertake the part of a redeemer of wrongs, thus burdened. In America, the case would be different. It had been decided that the intending emigrants should abandon their original design of waiting for Lord Uls-

water's expected remittance to arrive per a messenger of Palmer Brothers. One of Dandy Jem's inventions, a valuable simplification of some expensive and complicated machinery, had found a purchaser. A city firm had seen its merits, and were willing to buy the diagrams and the working model, taking out the patent at their own cost, and reaping the ultimate profit. The inventor was to get such remuneration as the lion capitalist is apt to think the fair share of the jackal projector—not very many pounds, be sure. But Sark had other strings to his bow, and he was content. That ready money—he was to receive it on that very afternoon—would carry him, and his wife, and the boy, to some Pennsylvania town, where his skill would bring in a weekly crop of dollars, enough to live upon. Then Loya and Brum, being in no danger from British detectives, could repatriate to New York, and then begin the war that was to conquer wealth and rank for little Paul.

"I know the Yankees," Sark had said tritely: "they just worship a lord, let them talk as tall as they choose. You'll easily find a lawyer, and a respectable one, to take up a case that will be sure to fill sensation columns of the Herald and the Tribune. The Yankees lawyer, will correspond with an English lawyer; the suit will begin, and all London will ring with it; the boy will be able to come back to England safely, because so many pair of eyes will be on the watch, that his uncle's wouldn't dare, blow you, to hurt him; and your humble servant will get a free pardon, that he may be examined before the House of Lords. See if it don't turn out as I tell you."

No plan, indeed, could promise more fair.

That very day, the money was to be paid by the City firm; on that very day, James Sark, in his quality of Mrs. Fletcher's husband and the boy's relative by marriage, was to remove young Paul West from the Clapham school, and bring him the Dutch gardener's villa among the marshes and market-produce; on that very day, the Professor was to proceed to the Docks, and there to make inquiry at shipping-offices and water-side publics known to him, as to vessels bound to Philadelphia. In a few days, by one route or by another, the exiles would be at sea out of reach of their enemy, and free.

Yet it was strange to see how lingeringly and unwillingly Loya took leave of her husband. He had left her before, more than once, since they had taken refuge in this wigwam of the defunct Vanperenboom, but never had she clung to him so closely as she clung to him then, under pretence of brushing away the dust from his coat, or of adjusting his glosy light brown hair, as it was her loving custom to do; but for her sake, and attributing this fancy to the tension of overwrought nerves, he feigned not to see it. He affected to be in higher spirits than common, talking confidently and boastfully of their approaching departure, of the fortune he was to make in America, and of how he should be a senator, minister of the United States in some European capital, or Governor of Michigan or Minnesota, before he died.

And now old Brum, considerably smartened and improved as to his outer man, in compliment to Mrs. Sark, was ready and waiting in the porch for James to accompany him in the walk to the steam boat wharf, and so to London. It had been agreed that they should go to London by water, and return by train or by boat, as Paul should prefer.

Almost immediately afterwards there was a roar and a rush, and an outcry of "bad voices," and a stamping of horses' feet, and an uplifting of whips by way of signal to coming drivers to hold in wait. The tide of people swayed forward.—"Somebody hurt!"—"Somebody killed!"—"Run over!"—"A cab, wasn't it?"

"Pah! there's a finish for him!" muttered the Professor, with strong disgust, and he too shambled on.

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"A van it was, one of those high Juggernaut cars, laden mountainously with baizes, and chests, and weighty packages from the railway, that rush thundering through London streets at the fastest trot of their team of three strong horses. A van it was, though the fore-horse was thrown back on his haunches now, with an excited poorman grasping the bridle, while the driver, perched aloft on his tall box, appealed to men and angels to bear witness that what had happened was no fault of his. Nor, perhaps, was it so. A foot-passenger, an old man, had tried to cross the street at a very inopportune moment, through the thickest of the traffic, had rushed blindly on to get out of the way of a Hansom and its shouting charioteer, and had come "mooning," as a bystander phrased it, right under the very nose of the leader of the van team. No one, not Briarean, could have pulled up the heavy horses in time to prevent mischief.

nor; and Brum announced himself, and was led up-stairs.

The patient was in bed, his hurts had been inspected by the house-surgeon, and he was now sensible. Brum was told, as he proceeded towards the clean, orderly ward, with its rows of white beds, neat and orderly, but terribly suggestive of the agony and distress that tormented them, week by week and day by day. Every one of the officials seemed to Brum to be kind after an uneventful fashion, on, self possessed, and business-like. The place was an establishment for the mending of broken and bruised humanity, as far as human skill and care, with the best appliances, could effect the repairs within a reasonable time. An average amount of cure could thus be attained, and to make the maximum a high one was the first duty of nurse, doctor, and managing committee. The duty was done, and in the main well done, though there was little enthusiasm to be detected.

"Now, don't excite the patient. Brother in-law, eh? Well, don't make him talk too long, do you hear? Not a very bad case. Collarbone and cut on head are the worst of it. Constitution feeble; saddened with gin, I'm afraid. Had he been a temperate man, it would have been a trifles. Now, five minutes talk will be enough—do you hear?" And off went the honest house-surgeon on his rounds.

Brum approached the bid in which the gray headed bundle that had been picked up among the horses' feet had been made comfortable. The old man was evidently quite rational now.

"How do you do, Willy?" The sufferer piped out these words in a thin, wheezy voice, and he made an effort to put out his feeble, right hand in token of amity. "You don't bear malice I hope?"

The Professor shook his head. "I'm too old, myself, to keep anger hot after all these years," said he, more gently than it was usual for him to speak. "I'm sorry, Ben Jamie Huller, to see you like this, I must say that, for all that's come and gone."

"What did the doctor whisper about me?" asked Benjamin Huller, with a look of keen interest lighting up his shrunken face. "I know he told you something. Shall I die, this bout?"

The Professor hesitated. The house-surgeon had not indeed told him in so many words that the hurts sustained by the new patient would end fatally. But eyes and mouth, even in the case of house-surgeons, sometimes reveal the adverse opinion which doctors easily form, but are chary of proclaiming. Also, in his adventurous life, old Brum had seen the seal of coming death on many faces, and he saw it now on that of his estranged brother-in-law. But not being at heart a really bad man, Brum was unwilling to give pain to the crushed creature before him by any harsh truth-telling, albeit he had scanty cause to love Benjamin Huller.

"Well, Ben," he said, "you must be careful, you know, and so you must," the Professor said, soothingly: "it's a serious thing, a foarer like that for an elderly kove like me or you. But even if it's a long job—"

But here the patient's piping voice broke in. "Willy, you're telling me lies—out of kindness though. Thank you. You mean to be good to me; but it's no use. I'm a dying man. I shall never go out of this ward, but to be buried."

The old pauper's glassy eyes peered up at Brum's shrewd face as he spoke, and he ended with a groan, for we all hope, even in death's gripes, and he read an involuntary confirmation of his worst fears in the quaint countenance of the old man who looked down upon him, not unkindly.

"Willy!" gasped the injured man, catching, with uncertain fingers, at the other's sleeve. "Willy! I didn't use you well, nor yet your sister, did I? You were right fond of her once, I know. You might forgive me now."

These words were spoken imploringly, with piteous mowings and quiverings of the poor twitching mouth that uttered them.

Brum felt a curious choking in his throat as he made answer:

"Don't take on, Ben, that way; let bygones be bygones."

"Hark! Willy, hark!" eagerly whispered old Huller. "I'll make your fortune, I swear I will. I'll make up for the past. I've got a secret, I have, that is worth a thousand pounds, and you shall have the gain of it, when I'm laid in my grave. I mean to have the gain myself. But it's too late—death—O bring a magistrate—*a*—I'll make a clean breast of all the wicked story I know—Lord Uswater—the child—"

The piping voice ceased.

"Lord Uswater—are you in that game, Ben?" cried Brum, excitedly; but he got no answer.

The nurse came hurrying up.

"Can't you see he's fainted. You just go, please. You heard the doctor. Time's up, and more. He can't talk again to-day. Come to-morrow, if you choose."

So Brum was quietly and firmly thrust out. "Here's more of it!" he chuckled to himself as he passed out into the street. "Jem must hear of this. What can the old man know of the St. Pagans job? But he was always a deep one. I'll have a cab, to save time. We shall turn the tables on my lord, after all."

CHAPTER LIII.

BELIEVEV HOUSE WITH THE BLINDS DOWN.

James Sark was in high spirits, whistling a lively tune as he walked briskly up the hill on which stood Believ House. He did not know Captain at all, and he had had to ask his way more than once. But he enjoyed the walk, and the beauty of the hot autumn day, with its violet sky streaked by loose long threads of attenuated white cloud, and the stir and freshness of the faint breeze, unfelt in the streets, but strong enough, on that elevated land which Sark was traversing, to make the yellowing leaves of the popular rustic merrily overhead.

The Maximan was by nature sanguine. He had drifted into evil ways and bad comradeship, but he was not irreclaimably of the wicked. He was not mean, not treacherous, not cruel as yet. To lead an honest life, always provided that the said life should be exempt from stagnation and blank monotony, was his sincere desire. A fair day's wages for a fair day's work, seemed more attractive to him, clever workman and long-headed contriver that he was, than it would perhaps have done to four-fifths of his former companions. He was so far from being an idle man that the gift of a large annuity, on the condition of doing nothing henceforth, would have been as a Dead Six apple between his tiny bed. To disturb him would be wrong. The

ging, and fluttering flags, had done him good. The very sight of the ships suggested pleasant thoughts of blue water, of a fair wind and good voyage, and of the new land and the new life beyond.

"Hey for America!" exclaimed Dandy Jem, aloud; and a working man, who had just turned into the road from a side-lane, stared at the sound of Sark's voice, believing himself to have been addressed.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" asked the working man.

"No, I did not," replied the Maximan, smiling; "but perhaps you can kindly point out Believ House—a school?"

The man civilly said that he was going there, and that he should be happy to show the way; and the two walked on together, side by side.

James Sark, whose eye was rarely at fault, had taken in the bearings of the other at a glance. "Not a journeyman," he thought—"small master-tradesman. Half-john, half-undertaker." This was not an unwarranted conjecture, for the carpenter carried beneath his arm a brand-new coffin, of small size—not an infant's coffin, however, but such as might be made for a child of ten years old or thereabouts. Narrow and light as it was, with its new brass-headed nails and name-plate glistening yellow against the background of black cloth, it was long enough to be an awkward load for the man.

"Let me help you with that. Yes, yes; I'll bear a hand up the hill," said Sark, good-humoredly; and the carpenter, who was on the wrong side of fifty, was thankful for the assistance. He had been whistling an air nearly as lively as that whistled by his new acquaintance, when he turned out of the lane, but had ceased, partly because such melody seemed indecorous in connection with the funeral burden he bore, and partly because the day was hot, and the hill steep.

"By-the-by," said Sark, as a fresh thought occurred to him. "I hope there's nothing wrong there—at Believ House, I mean?" he added, nodding significantly towards the coffin.

The suburban undertaker looked round at the questioner in some surprise.

"Why, hasn't you heard?" he said, dubiously.

"No, I've heard nothing," returned Sark in his quick way. "A boy dead, then? Any sickness among the kids? Hang it speak out, mate, will you!"

The master-mechanic, a poor garrison skirmisher in that Black Army whereof Mr. Banting may be reckoned as a field-marshal, lowered the end of the coffin to the ground, and wiped his brows with a red handkerchief.

"I praps you're parents and guardians?" he said, hesitatingly. "Dr. Marsh mightn't like—but there! there's not use trying to hush it up now. Fever's been mortal bad among the boys—mortal bad, surely. Three of 'em died I'm taking up of this for the third. 'Mest of the pupils has been fetched home, and the academy's quite empty, only for two West India boys as was always holiday stoppers, and hasn't got no relations in England for to take 'em in, and one other little vun, ill in bed."

That was all that Sark, now thoroughly alarmed, could extract from the coffin-maker. The latter did not even remember the names of the two children who had been the first to die, though he had the measurements of their last little beds accurately enough in his memory.

"Three foot eleven, by one, ten, and five-eighths," he said, cogitating the while: "four foot two, by one, eleven, and a half. This one is bigger—four foot four, by two, one, three-eighths; and the name?"—reading it from the brass coffin plate—"is Master Gray." But the name of the boy who was ill, and the actual state of that boy, the man of rule and plane did not know. "I believe he's a little mite of a chap," was all that he could say about the small sufferer. Sark pushed on, fearing the worst.

Believ House, with its shutters closed, and its range of close-drawn blinds blankly staring down from the upper windows, looked very melancholy. So did the two lonely West Indian boys—a brace of Robinson Crusoes, with the gravelled Bahama of a playground in lieu of a desert island, and the solitary school-room, full of echoes and ink-splashes, for a cave.

"What matters, if the boy does not live?" said Sark moodily, as he pushed aside the food and liquor that had been ordered, but that had remained untouched before him. "Loy's will never forgive herself, never—Come up to Clapham, if you've rested yourself!" And Brum finished his glass, and rose. "We shall be too early. Sun's up still," he remarked. But to Clapham they went, and waited, hanging about Believ House for hours. At last the doctor came. A sensible, honest-faced apothecary he was, one of those comfortable, comforting practitioners who can think of the patient as well as the fee, and who had had an immense amount of practice in a humdrum way.

"I tell you frankly, Mr. Fletcher, that it is a

bad pity you failed to get the letters that Dr. and Mrs. Marsh wrote. Prompt removal is the wisest course in such a case," said Mr. Simmons, not noticing how Sark winced at the implied reproof. "I prefer saying nothing decisive till I have seen my little patient again."

Presently the doctor came down-stairs with a troubled face. The boy was ill—very ill. The effects of the sedative given that day had gone off; and the wretched apothecary was not ashamed to own that he thought he had made a mistake in giving the excitable little invalid any morphine at all. Paul was awake, tossing about in his bed, restless, with a high pulse, and in a state bordering on delirium. A night of unrest was very much to be dreaded, at that turning-point of the disorder.

"There's one thing might quiet him," said the doctor thoughtfully. "Perhaps he may be very fond of you, Mr. Fletcher?—That's well. And you could coax him to go to sleep, could you, in Australia, when he was ill, could you? And to take medicines from your hand when he refused them from other people? That's well again. You look the sort of man children would be very patient, and humor him by telling him a story or humoring him songs till he grows drowsy, why, he might get a good sound sleep."

"I will," said James Sark eagerly: "and then, doctor, will he recover?"

"Please God, he may. Mind you, I don't say he will; but it's his best chance," said the doctor seriously.

Hour after hour dragged by, and Brum, in the nearest late-closing public-house, puffed at his pipe, and grew weary of waiting, and still Sark sat, patient, kind, tender as a woman, as seafaring men not seldom are, beside the sick child's bed. With his little hand in Sark's, and clinging to him as if he held on to life by that grasp of a well-known hand, Paul lay till deep into the night. My Lord Judge who sentenced James (very properly) would have wondered to see the man's gentleness and thoughtfulness in the course of that vigil, how light was the touch of his muscular hand, how soft his voice, as he talked child-talk, and told stories such as children care to hear, and soothed and petted the tiny suffering creature that lay there, with large eyes and a thin wan face, beetie crimson in the cheeks that had been so round and blooming. "What will Loy's think? I wish I had sent Brum back. She will be afraid for me, I mean," Sark thought, once and again. But he could not go; the child's fevered hand held him as iron gyves would scarcely have done. When he wanted to rise and go, the little creature, half asleep, moaned and woke.

Late at night, the small hot hand, that had been growing cooler and less dry and hard for some time, relaxed its pressure. Little Paul

gentleman, his uncle, had better call again, if convenient. Sark asked at what hour the doctor would pay his evening visit. He would come again, he said, to hear if there were grounds for hope, and to see the boy, if the seeing him would be unattended with risk to the little invalid. He shook hands with the principal of the abandoned academy, and went out. As he was passing the outer gates, the weak-eyed, weak-whiskered young man in the pantry-jacket, more dejected now than ever, ran after him.

"Please, the doctor say Dr. Simmons did say

West was asleep—a deep, sound sleep. The Maximan waited and kept motionless for half an hour or more, until the boy's regular breathing assured him that the slumber was no fitful doze, and then, very silently, with unshed feet, he slipped out of the room. An hour and half afterwards, he and Brum were back at Greenwich. It was above two hours after midnight. "Loy's will think we are lost," said James Sark cheerfully, as they reached the entrance of Mill Lane. "We shall be scolded," he added. Alas!

(to be continued)

A Curious Order.

A California correspondent gives a brief account of a curious religious Order in Mexico, called the "Pretontists."

This Order with its curious customs has been handed down to the old Franciscan Friars of Spain. Every Friday during Lent, and the whole of the last week, they go through this penance. An indefinite number, generally from 25 to 50, divest themselves of all superfluous clothing, excepting a pair of drawers rolled up to the knee, and a red handkerchief around the head. Officers are elected (who do not disrobe themselves,) all furnished with a peculiar kind of whip, made very pliable, except those who hold the post of honor, to the number of five or six, who carry a large, heavy cross, hewn out of rough timber, which is so heavy and unwieldy, that when the cross is upon the shoulder, the long, upright piece drags upon the ground. All leave their place of resort, sing the chant, while shuffling around the circle. The cross bearers, who have their hands full, are kindly provided for by the officers, who take it upon themselves to whip those who have not the ability to whip themselves. Their backs, as we saw them, resembled a mass of raw flesh, with the blood not trickling from one place, but hundreds. The blows could be heard for half a mile, filling the bystanders with an indescribable horror. The penance is over with the last of Lent.

An Antiquarian Poser.

A few days since, Nathan Salisbury, Esq., living in East Scott, Cortland county, N. Y., found a very peculiar axe. The circumstances are as follows: At an early day, when Mr. Salisbury, in company with others, was chopping and clearing the forest of his newly acquired farm, they came upon a very large hemlock standing near the stream. After cutting the tree down, Mr. Salisbury discovered that what appeared to be the heart of the tree was really a separate tree from the one just fallen. On examination, this tree within a tree was found to have been girdled at some previous time, leaving a small portion uncut, so that the sap had completely overgrown the girdling, and another tree formed, growing to enormous dimensions. A few days since, near the trunk of that tree, about twelve inches below the surface, was found this peculiar axe. It was about ten inches in length by three and one-fourth inches on the cut or edge. It is made of iron. Now, what is remarkable about the axe and tree is that the girdling or packing of the inner tree corresponds precisely with the axe found, and counting the concentric rings of the growth of the outer tree, is found the remarkable fact that the inner tree was girdled about one hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims. Who was in that locality using an axe three hundred and fifty-seven years ago?—*Rochester Democrat.*

Clergymen's Salaries.

The salaries of clergymen have been made a subject of investigation by Mr. Amasa Walker, of Massachusetts. He has taken the trouble to ascertain the salaries of one thousand preachers of various denominations, living in eighteen different states. They vary in amount from three hundred to five thousand dollars a year. The salaries paid in 1860 and in 1865 were taken by him for the purpose of comparison, and as the result of his investigation he states that the average salary of these clergymen in 1860 was \$772.88, and in 1865 \$907.28. The amount of gratuities they received amounted annually to \$32.77. He thinks that clergymen's salaries have not increased in proportion to the increase of the necessities of life and also of the pay of men in other pursuits; and concludes that many clergymen must suffer severe privations. He adds, that if complete statements could be made of the salaries of all the clergymen in the country for 1860 and 1865, the average would not vary greatly from that above stated.

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Russian Railroad Cars.

When the Prince of Wales went to Russia, it was necessary (in the interests of the British public) that Mr. Dicey should also go, and accordingly he went to Moscow. When the Czar Nicholas had the plans of the projected railway between his two capitals laid before him, he arranged his horses and thither, in order to secure the traffic of the other great towns upon the way, he drew a straight line upon the chart, and said: "So must it be." The result is, great convenience of communication, to be sure, but, on the other hand, this great railway only passes one important town in the whole of the six hundred versts it traverses. A fellow-traveller assured our author that, constantly as he had been on the line, he had never seen anybody either get in or out at the roadside stations.

The completeness of the arrangements for the comfort of passengers seems something marvelous compared with our own wretched railway accommodation. "The train consisted of half-a-dozen cars of immense length. They were all much of a pattern. Entering by the middle, you come first into a small saloon, with a table in the centre, surrounded by sofas and divans. From one side of this saloon there is a passage, broad and high enough for a tall man or a lady in crinoline to walk along without much difficulty, leads to the further end of the carriage, opening into the centre, surrounded by sofas and divans. From the side of this saloon there is a passage, broad and high enough for a tall man or a lady in crinoline to walk along without much difficulty, leads to the further end of the carriage, opening into the centre, surrounded by sofas and divans. From the side of this saloon there is a passage, broad and high enough for a tall man or a lady in crinoline to walk along without much difficulty, leads to the further end of the carriage, opening into the centre, surrounded by sofas and divans. From the side of this saloon there is a passage

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hotel Clerks.

In her latest book, "Wool Gathering," now in the press of Ticknor & Fields, Gail Hamilton describes how she spent a night in an Albany first-class hotel, how she was persecuted by the mice, and how her complaint to the hotel clerk was met with the remark, "Oh, we cannot help that! There are mice all over the house!" She then adds: Moral reflection: If ever the education of a soaring human boy be entrusted to my care, I will endeavor to model his manners on those of a clerk in a hotel. For conscious superiority, tempered with benevolence and swathed in sauity; for perfect self-possession; for high-bred condescension to the ignorance and torpor of the weakness of others; for absolute equality to circumstances, and a certain grace, assurance, and flourish of bearing, give me a clerk in a hotel. As you see, general, poets and philosophers indistinguishable from the common herd; but a true hotel clerk wears on his beauteous brow, and in his noble mien, the indubitable sign of greatness.

More About the Trichina.

Dr. R. K. Brown, by special invitation of the Farmers' Club, said: The trichina is a worm. It is not an animalcule nor infusoria. But it is a worm found in the flesh of the pig, in untold numbers. Those persons who eat the flesh of pigs infested with the trichina are liable to have their flesh infested with these worms. The trichina kills people! This is no longer a subject of reckless ridicule; but it is an incontrovertible fact, that the trichina kills human beings! More than one thousand people have been killed in Germany by these worms. And it is the trichina in the swine's flesh which they ate caused their death!

The remedy, he said, was to fatten the pig on clean grain, and cook his flesh thoroughly. No trichina can live in boiling water. Therefore, if a ham be thoroughly boiled through and through, the trichina will be destroyed. But when such food is only partially cooked, the trichina are not destroyed, and they are liable to pass into the flesh of persons who eat the meat.

From the *Liberal Christian*, March 16, 1867.

A GREAT COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.—The operations of the Great American Tea Company have attained a magnitude which fairly entitles it to rank among the great commercial enterprises of New York. They are now doing a business of nearly or quite \$100,000 weekly, and have already appropriated several mammoth stores in the most central and convenient localities in this city and Brooklyn, and their number is constantly increasing. This immense business has been gradually built up during the past five or six years by selling goods of an excellent quality, at but living profits and uniformly at one price. These three facts, brought prominent before the public, account for the unparalleled success of the establishment. Another important fact is that as their orders crowd their facilities, their goods are invariably new and fresh, a circumstance of much importance to buyers, especially in the coffee department. The consumers of Tea and Coffee have heretofore been paying too many and too large profits on these necessary articles, and in projecting and carrying out this immense enterprise, and thus affording the public an opportunity to obtain these necessities at the very lowest price, the Great American Tea Company have conferred a favor which the people have not been slow to appreciate and second by their patronage. Thus in doing away with the immense profits on the tea trade, this company are not only benefiting the public, but securing an immense trade for themselves, a small percentage on which makes a handsome profit in the aggregate.

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN.—The tones of this instrument are melodiously sweet, with a volume, power and expression, truly marvellous, in so small and compact an organ. They are beautiful, simple, and economical.—*New Orleans Times*

The Boston Journal says:—"There is a growing feeling in the churches in this vicinity in favor of substituting the Sabbath-school exercise for the usual afternoon sermon, and either have but one sermon a day, with a prayer meeting in the evening, or else have preaching in the evening. The experiment will probably be tried by several of the churches after the expiration of the summer vacation."

The Albany Argus learns that contracts are being made for the new crop of wheat in the western part of the state at prices nearly one dollar lower than millers have been paying this week, for what they need to keep their regular customers supplied.

A French genealogist has discovered that Maximilian is descended from Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great; but to allay all jealousy, he kindly declares that all the European sovereigns are descended from the same ancestor.

More Pagans than Christians are subject to the British Crown. Bad for the Christians, if universal suffrage should become the rule in Great Britain and its dependencies.

The Mimes Macomb, who are about to marry the Hon. Messrs. Wellesley and Fane, of the English aristocracy, are nieces of the late General Phil. Kearney. Each of the young ladies is reported in private circles to be worth \$10,000 a year in her own right. They are the owners of immense estates at Newark, across the river from the well known Kearney estates.

Capt. Isaiah Ryders, of New York, is out in defense of his great moral reputation and in denial of the statement that he recently fought a prize-fight. He says he is opposed to prize-fighting as brutal and demoralizing.

A young widow of Quincy, Ill., met a stranger on the street and asked him the way; he asked her if she was not a widow; she said she was; he said he was a widower, a doctor from Palmyra, Mo., and proposed marriage on the spot; she blushed and hesitated—wouldn't he come home and see her friends about it; the interview was satisfactory, the marriage was arranged for next morning, the widow's cash (\$40) got into the doctor's pocket, he went to get shaved and has never returned. He even left her, cruel man, standing in the public square while he "just run over to the barber's." There's no such doctor in Palmyra, and the curtain drops upon a woman in tears.

The British West Indians are in a very bad condition. Jamaica has no funds in her treasury, and cannot pay the salaries of her officials. Although labor seems abundant, there is a general disposition in favor of Coolie immigration—even the authorities patronizing the traffic. In Jamaica Coolies bring \$14 each, and in Demerara \$9.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR.—There has been a rather more demand for fresh grain. Flours made of new wheat, Sales about 3,000 bushels at \$12.14-25 for family and fancy; \$16.11 for new extra; \$16.11-75 for northwestern extra family; \$20.30-25 for old extra, and \$27.50-25 for superfine. Rye Flour is selling at \$7.75-25.

GRANIN.—There is a fair amount of Wheat coming from the West, and 25,000 bushels have been Fresh Wheat, \$12.14-25; Choice Ohio at \$12.40; common red at \$11; Kentucky white at \$12.81, and California at \$12.93. Rye—Sales of new at \$1.30-1.40, and old at \$1.45-1.50. Corn—Sales of 22,000 bushels yellow at \$1.16-1.21, and mixed western at \$1.20-1.25. Oats—15,000 bushels sold at 90c old, and 75c-77c for new.

COFFEE.—Sales of 400 bushels at \$2.25-25 for mid-Atlantic, and 20,000 for New Orleans.

FRUIT.—Dried Apples are held at 3c-5c for Penns. and 6c-8c for Western. Green Peaches come from 1c to 1.75 per basket.

SOAPS—Small sales at 40c-60c, and prime at 65c-70c.

IRON.—Foundry Iron is in limited demand; small sales at \$4 for No. 1, \$10-10 for No. 2, and \$16 for No. 3. Scotch Pig is quoted at \$12.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1,700 head. The price realized from 17c-17 1/2c per cwt. 300 Cows brought from \$10 to 70c per head. Sheep—400 head were disposed of from \$6.50 to \$12. 300 Hogs sold at from \$10.10 to 10.50 per cwt.

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC, from the Discovery of America to the present time, considered from a Christian Stand Point.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Just the Lady.

Some inconsiderate wag once remarked that "she was a very poor woman who could not make half of a man's living." We never endorsed the views of the ungentlemanly wretch, and always thought that a lady who could support herself was good enough for any man—even an editor. Such a lady, it seems, turned up in Memphis a few days since. The local of the Memphis Appeal thus relates the manner in which she was discovered:

Judge Reid, who edits and publishes the Cosmopolitan at Friar's Point, and which, by the way, is one of our best country exchanges, has been in the city for a few days past. We have taken him around and shown him the elephant, and in our peregrinations, a little incident occurred which we feel inclined to tell on him.

Every one knows that Reid is as clever and talented as he is good-looking and amiable. The fact is, we took him to see some of our city belles, and it was only a short time before a "mutual feeling" crept over the judge and a very handsome young lady. They said a great many sweet things to one another, when we came to the conclusion Reid had made a conquest.

Supper was announced, and every one, except Reid and his *cora*, left the parlor. The judge made good use of the time, and remembered the old saying that "Two is company and three is not," for he had only been alone with the lady a short while before he had his arm around her waist. Just imagine the judge in that position—ye gods! What a thrill of delight must have run over his feelings. The lady, however, soon removed his arm with the reproof, "I thank you, sir, I can support myself." "You can?" quickly replied the judge; "then, by gracious, you are the lady I have been looking for ever since I started the Cosmopolitan."

Making a Quotation.

That notable man of the West—stalwart John Wentworth—is as strong in stump oratory as he used to be with his pen, when editing the Chicago Democrat, and in political organizations was as indispensable a man as our brother Watkins used to be in a certain church—"a difficult man to get along with, and a difficult man to get along without." During the last campaign, which resulted in his election to Congress, his unusually long form was seen towering at all public assemblages where the merits of opposing men and measures were discussed. It is to be borne in mind, in so *et cetera*, that that attenuated John had one verbal habit so inveterate that it forces itself upon the attention of those who happen to listen to him. If any doubt is expressed as to the accuracy of his statements, his prompt response is: "I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's true." On the occasion to which we allude, Mr. Wentworth had made an eloquent speech, intending to close by quoting Bryant's well-known lines:

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

But unfortunately he could only remember the opening words, which he repeated thus:

"Truth crushed—"

"How is that?—it's by Bryant, you know—

that beautiful poem of his—"

"Truth crushed to earth—[Another pause.]

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again—

[Another.]

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again—"

"Well, boys, I don't remember the rest of it, but if any of you doubt it, I'll just bet you a hundred dollars that she will!"

She Would Have a Piano.

A Teutonic citizen out West went away from home on an extended business tour, leaving several hundred dollars with his wife to pay for the support of the family during his absence. On the first day of his return his wife asked him for five dollars to go to market.

"Vair pees de seven hoonard dollar I left mit you don't it?" said the husband.

"You know, Hans," said the "vrow," persuasively, "Katrina is growing up very much, and I bought her a—a piano."

"A pianer!" yelled the astonished Teuton, "bought Katrina von pianer! Well, you shant goe and cook the pianer."

"Oh!" shrieked the mother of Katrina.

"Mind now—der is more vot I ain't got to say," said Hans; "ven you gets hungry you shant make passage out of the pianer keys."

"Oh!"

"Don't ask me for moneys to get der marketa. Make a leg of mutton out of pianer legs, unt schop up pianer cover into sour grout."

"Oh!"

A Betting Quaker.

Up in Westchester, on the line of the Harlem Railroad, near the country seat of Horace Greeley, dwells a member of the Society of Friends, who, like Henry Ward Beecher, is much given to a fondness for all kinds of sport. He shoots one or more wild geese every season, and always keeps a fast horse that he is ready to lay anything on but the whip. But he has an odd way of betting. He will not gamble, he says. When he lays a wager it is in this way: "Friend Edward, thee thinks thy horse is faster than mine. Now, I think mine is faster than thine. I value my opinion at twenty dollars. Now, if these values thy opinion at the same rate, we will put the money together and ask our horses what they think of it, and leave the conclusion to them."

WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO—It was customary for a certain college professor to inquire of the graduating class what each proposed to be or to do in the world. One would be a doctor, one a lawyer, one a merchant, and so on. "And what do you propose to be, Simon?" "I am going to be a Pittheopal minister," was the answer of the hirsute graduate, "for the reasons—1st. The prayers are all in print, and I can read them easily. 2d. The sermons of Pittheopal ministers are short, and them I can steal. And 3d. Pittheopal ministers generally marry rich wives!"

Abel Perkins, of S——, had a spite against Squire B——, of the same town. Some one remarked in his hearing one day that the squire was a mean man. "Mean," said Abel; "I guess he is. A yard of black tape would make him's suit of mourning, and then he'd have enough left for a ween on his hat."

Hanging a mackerel to your coat tail and imagining yourself a whale, constitutes codfish aristocracy.



CROQUE'D.

MAMMA (severely).—"Why are you not playing with the others, Blanche?"

BLANCHE (innocently).—"Don't know how, mamma. Major Mallet is teaching me."

Inhabited Planets.

Now that we are more thoroughly acquainted with the planetary system revolving round the sun, and can compare the distances, volumes, movements, weights, &c., of the different members of this system, what do we discover? We find that our earth, magnifico as it is—with its volcanoes and hot springs, its earthquakes, snow-peaked mountains and lovely valleys, its mountain torrents, cascades, and wide rivers, its boundless ocean, its varied and beautiful vegetation intermingled with myriads of different animals—constitutes but a very secondary feature among the planets. It is neither the largest nor the smallest, the nearest to the sun nor the farthest away; neither the warmest nor the coldest, the lightest nor the heaviest; and if we call it teeming with life, we must necessarily suppose that life—the highest manifestation of nature's forces—exists in other planets also.

To any person tolerably divested of prejudice, and slightly acquainted with the teachings of modern astronomy, it must appear absurd in the extreme to suppose that these magnificent worlds which revolve round the sun should not have been as highly endowed by the Creator as our little earth, a mere point in the universe, which constitutes so moderate a feature among them and quite as fanciful to imagine that our globe is for man the best possible of worlds.

One or two prodigious difficulties arise, however, when we wish to bring forward some plausible proof of the planets being in reality inhabited by creatures at all like ourselves. Not the slightest doubt can exist as to the possibility of this, as far as certain planets are concerned—more particularly Venus, Mars, and Mercury—

reasoning from the little we know of their physical properties, and their telescopic appearance, so similar to what our earth must appear viewed from one of them.

But if from planets we proceed to speculate upon their satellites, and from these to the sun itself, and to the comets and shooting stars, we find ourselves soon without a reasonable argument to stand upon.

In the first place, our own satellite reveals no atmosphere—unless, indeed, some observations made by Secchi a few years ago should be confirmed, according to which the moon has a slight atmosphere, through which penetrate the peaks of its high mountains. And as for the sun, if the development of life which each planet receives from the central orb of our system, this orb must indeed be a region of eternal life and perfect happiness! Jupiter and Saturn being very light planets, some astronomers have supposed that the former was nothing more than a vast globe of water; its inhabitants in this case would be of the aquatic order—large whales, and so on. As to comets, who can say anything? But shooting stars, or rather meteoric stones, when they reach our earth, have been found to contain organic matter, either the remains or the beginning of life.

Doubtless many centuries will yet elapse before the inhabitants of our planet—our own Cybele—will have any very positive proofs of the existence of living creatures on the other globes which travel in space; all we can say at present is, that such a fact is exceedingly probable. But as far as speculation—based upon well-ascertained scientific data, and upheld by sound philosophical reasoning—can go, M. Flammarion has conducted us in the work alluded to above, throughout which there reigns a soothing breath of natural and pure philosophy, inspired by deep admiration of the grandest works of the Creator.

Even those authors who, like the late distinguished Professor Whewell, endeavor to establish that the planets contain no living beings in any way analogous to man, believe it possible that life, in some form or other, exists upon them. But M. Flammarion is of opinion that the spiritual and physical universe are one, and that the planets are the abodes of intelligence, more or less developed, we may suppose, according to their respective positions.—*Edinburgh Review*.

A GOOD WAR HORSE.—At a club dinner with a party of Nantucket people not long ago, one of the guests remarked that Nantucket horses were celebrated for their general worthlessness, imbecility and marvellous slowness.

"As how?" said the Nantucketer.

"Why, there's not a bit of 'go' in him; and yet you warranted him as a good war horse."

"Yes, I did, and by George he is a good war horse—he'd sooner die than run!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Experiments.

Farmers often find fault with those who experiment. They say of neighbor sometimes, "he is rather experimental;" but they should remember that every new truth is an experiment to all those who have not tried it. Some one must be the first to vary from the trodden path, or we should still use a crooked stick instead of a plough. There is a class, however, who, upon hearing of any novelty in agriculture, at once try it, not on a square yard, but on their whole crop; such men are not worthy of being styled experimenters. But should a farmer at this day call himself practical and judicious in his calling, who, after having heard that in many sections of country corn is cultivated flat, without hilling, and that potatoes are so cultivated, still continues to hill both without trying the experiment of flat cultivation even on a single hill, can such a man be rated as judicious? Is such a man to be called a practical farmer? Is he practical, who allows lime beans to travel round a pole fifteen feet high, when the pinching off of the vine at five and a half feet high will produce double the crop of beans, and particularly before frost? Should he not try the experiment and see how it will answer? Many permit melons, cucumbers, etc., to run over the entire area of their soil, in long single vines, while others, by pinching off the runner buds after the third rough leaf has formed, get their fruit early and of double size. Why should not this experiment be tried and adopted, if found true?

One or two prodigious difficulties arise, however, when we wish to bring forward some plausible proof of the planets being in reality inhabited by creatures at all like ourselves. Not the slightest doubt can exist as to the possibility of this, as far as certain planets are concerned—more particularly Venus, Mars, and Mercury—

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"Yes, I did, and by George he is a good war horse—he'd sooner die than run!"

Those who use barnyards open and exposed to the winds and rains, and who permit the washings to run off to creeks and streams, have doubtless heard that with manure sheds, and properly arranged tanks retaining the drainage of the manure heaps, and pumps, they obtain better results than by the open barnyard practice; should they not carefully review the operations of these experimenters, rather than satirize that of which they have no knowledge? Experience is said to be the mother of wisdom—experiment is the father of truth.

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